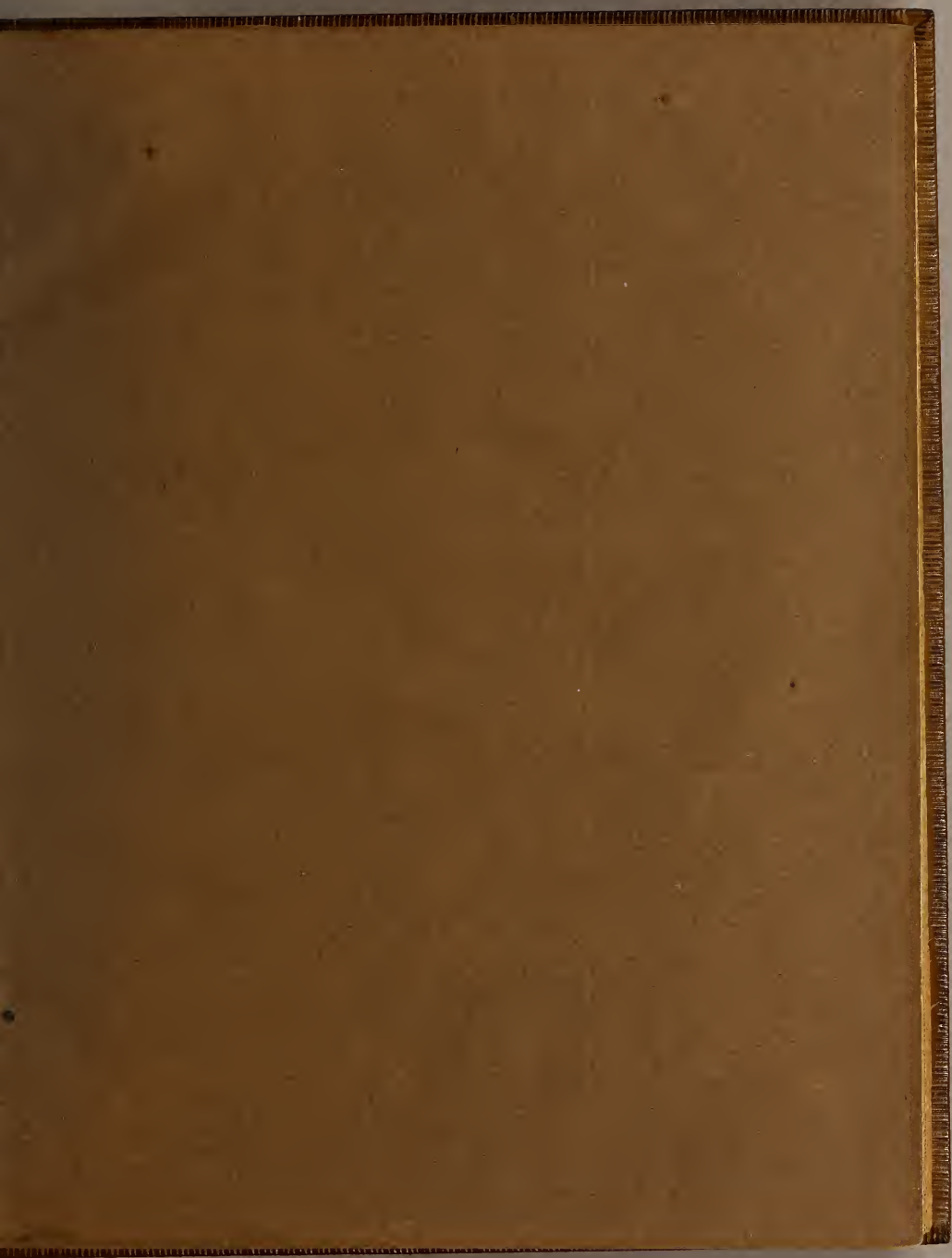
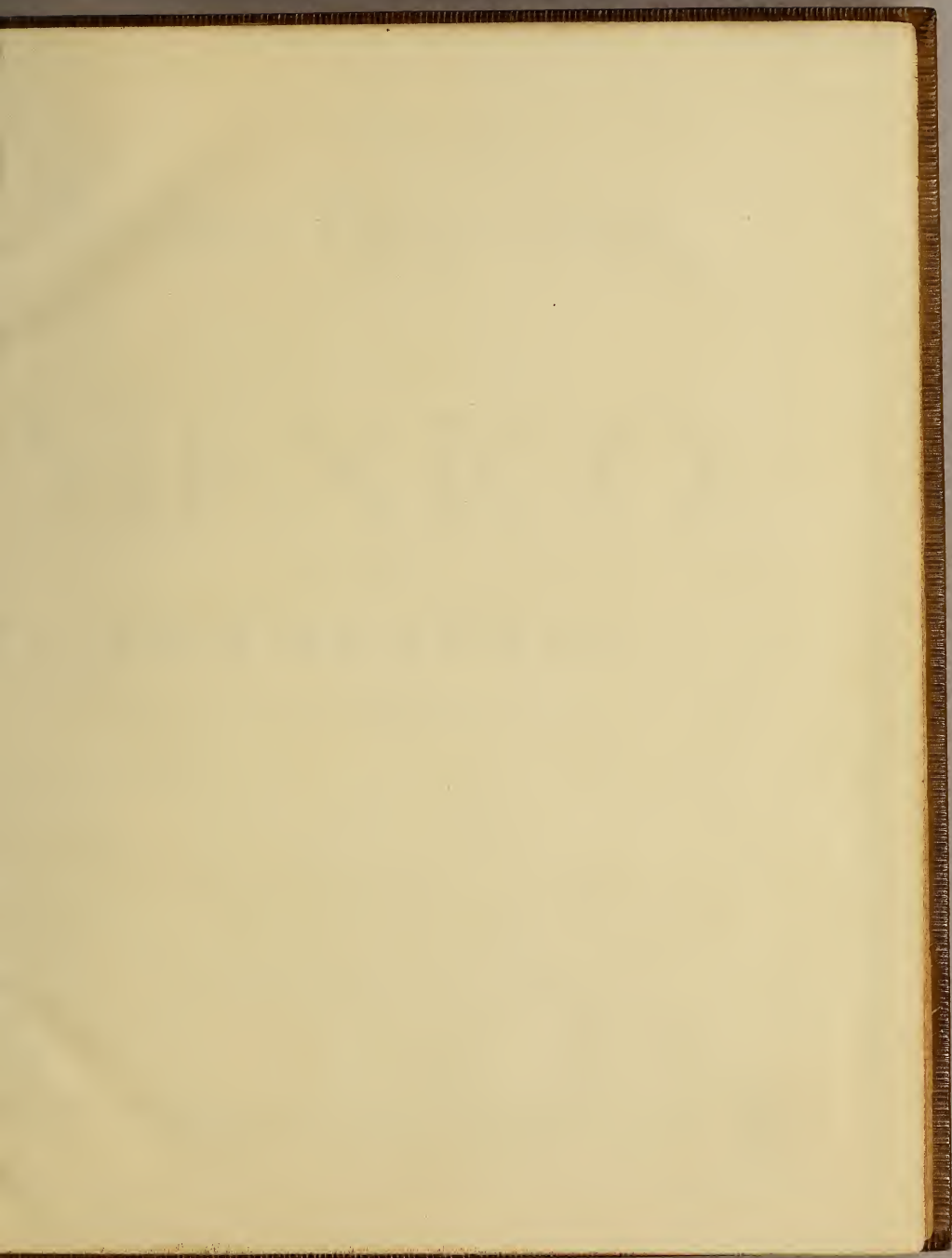


John Carter Brown.



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Not in. P. 1100.

THE  
Indian Emperour,  
OR,  
THE CONQUEST OF  
MEXICO  
BY THE  
SPANIARDS.

Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*.

---

By JOHN DRYDEN Esq;

---

The Second Edition.

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*Dum relego scripsisse pudei, quia plurima cerno  
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini. Ovid.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the  
Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

THE  
Indian Emperor,

OR

THE CONQUEST OF

MEXICO

BY THE

SPANIARDS

As related by the Indian Emperors

to Juan de la Cruz

the Conqueror

Translated from the Spanish  
by John de la Cruz

LONDON

Printed for H. Knapton, at the Sign of the Black Lion in St. Dunstons Church Lane, 1708.



This was presented to the D. Council of England  
Emperour in 1660. It had appeared in 1667.

(3)

JOHN CARTER BROWN



A Defence of an Essay of Dramatique Poësie, being an  
Answer to the Preface of *The Great Favourite, or the  
Duke of Lerma*.

**T**He former Edition of the *Indian Emperour* being full of faults which had escaped the Printer, I have been willing to over-look this second with more care: and though I could not allow my self so much time as was necessary, yet by that little I have done, the Press is freed from some gross errors which it had to answer for before. As for the more material faults of writing, which are properly mine, though I see many of them, I want leisure to amend them. 'Tis enough for those who make one Poem the business of their lives, to leave that correct: yet, excepting *Virgil*, I never met with any which was so in any Language.

But while I was thus employ'd about this Impression, there came to my hands a new printed Play, called, *The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma*. The Author of which, a noble and most ingenious Person, has done me the favour to make some Observations and Animadversions upon my *Dramatique Essay*. I must confess he might have better consulted his Reputation, than by matching himself with so weak an Adversary. But if his Honour be diminished in the choice of his Antagonist, it is sufficiently recompens'd in the election of his Cause: which being the weaker, in all appearance, as combating the received Opinions of the best Ancient and Modern Authors, will add to his glory, if he overcome; and to the opinion of his generosity, if he be vanquished, since he engages at so great odds; and, so like a Cavalier, undertakes the protection of the weaker party. I have only to fear on my own behalf, that so good a cause as mine may not suffer by my ill management, or weak defence; yet I cannot in Honour but take the Glove when 'tis offer'd me: though I am

A 2

only

only a Champion by succession ; and no more able to defend the right of *Aristotle* and *Horace* , than an Infant *Dimock* to maintain the Title of a King.

For my own concernment in the Controversie, it is so small, that I can easily be contented to be driven from a few Notions of Dramatique Poësie ; especially by one, who has the reputation of understanding all things : and I might justly make that excuse for my yielding to him, which the Philosopher made to the Emperour ; why should I offer to contend with him who is Master of more than twenty Legions of Arts and Sciences ? But I am forc'd to fight, and therefore it will be no shame to be overcome.

Yet I am so much his Servant as not to meddle with any thing which does not concern me in his Preface : therefore I leave the good sense and other excellencies of the first twenty lines, to be consider'd by the Critiques. As for the Play of the Duke of *Lerma* , having so much alter'd and beautif'd it, as he has done, it can justly belong to none but him. Indeed they must be extream ignorant as well as envious, who would rob him of that Honour ; for you see him putting in his claim to it, even in the first two lines.

*Repulse upon repulse like waves thrown back,  
That slide to hang upon obdurate rocks.*

After this let detraction do its worst ; for if this be not his, it deserves to be. For my part I declare for distributive Justice, and from this and what follows he certainly deserves *those advantages, which he acknowledges to have received from the opinion of sober men.*

In the next place I must beg leave to observe his great Address in courting the Reader to his party. For intending to assault all Poets, both Ancient and Modern, he discovers not his whole design at once, but seems only to aim at me, and attacks me on my weakest side, my defence of Verse.

To begin with me, he gives me the Compellation of *The Author of a Dramatique Essay* ; which is a little Discourse in Dialogue,



logue, for the most part borrowed from the observations of others : therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in civility, I return his Complement by calling him *The Author of the Duke of Lerma*.

But (that I may pass over his salute) he takes notice of my great pains to prove Rhyme as natural in a serious Play, and more effectual than blank Verse. Thus indeed I did state the question ; but he tells me, *I pursue that which I call Natural in a wrong application : for 'tis not the question whether Rhyme or not Rhyme be best or most natural for a serious subject, but what is nearest the nature of that it represents.*

If I have formerly mistaken the Question, I must confess my ignorance so far, as to say I continue still in my mistake : But he ought to have prov'd that I mistook it ; for 'tis yet but *gratis dictum* ; I still shall think I have gain'd my point, if I can prove that Rhyme is best or most natural for a serious subject. As for the question as he states it, whether Rhyme be nearest the nature of what it represents, I wonder he should think me so ridiculous as to dispute whether Prose or Verse be nearest to ordinary Conversation ?

It still remains for him to prove his inference ; that, since Verse is granted to be more remote than Prose from ordinary Conversation, therefore no serious Plays ought to be writ in Verse : and when he clearly makes that good, I will acknowledge his Victory as absolute as he can desire it.

The question now is which of us two has mistaken it, and if it appear I have not, the world will suspect *what Gentleman that was, who was allowed to speak twice in Parliament, because he had not yet spoken to the Question* ; and perhaps conclude it to be the same, who, as 'tis reported, maintain'd a contradiction *in terminis*, in the face of three hundred persons.

But to return to Verse, whether it be natural or not in Plays, is a Problem which is not demonstrable of either side : 'tis enough for me that he acknowledges he had rather read good Verse than Prose : for if all the Enemies of Verse will confess as much, I shall not need to prove that it is natural. I am satisfied if it cause delight : for delight is the chief, if not the only end of Poësie ; instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for Poësie  
only

only instructs as it delights. 'Tis true that to imitate well is a Poets work ; but to affect the Soul, and excite the Passions, and above all to move admiration (which is the delight of serious Plays) a bare imitation will not serve. The converse therefore which a Poet is to imitate, must be heighten'd with all the Arts and Ornaments of Poësie; and must be such, as, strictly consider'd, could never be supposed spoken by any without premeditation.

As for what he urges, that *a Play will still be supposed to be a composition of several Persons speaking ex tempore ; and that good Verses are the hardest things which can be imagin'd to be so spoken :* I must crave leave to dissent from his opinion, as to the former part of it : for, if I am not deceiv'd, a Play is suppos'd to be the work of the Poet, imitating, or representing the conversation of several persons : and this I think to be as clear, as he thinks the contrary.

But I will be bolder, and do not doubt to make it good, though a Paradox, that one great reason why Prose is not to be us'd in serious Plays, is because it is too near the nature of converse : there may be too great a likeness; as the most skilful Painters affirm, that there may be too near a resemblance in a Picture : to take every lineament and feature is not to make an excellent piece, but to take so much only as will make a beautiful Resemblance of the whole ; and, with an ingenious flattery of Nature, to heighten the beauties of some parts, and hide the deformities of the rest. For so says *Horace*,

*Ut pictura Poësis erit, &c.-----*  
*Hæc amat obscurum, vult hæc sub luce videri,*  
*Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*  
 -----*Et quæ*  
*Desperat, tractata nitefcere posse, relinquit.*

In *Bartholomew-Fair*, or the Lowest kind of Comedy, that degree of heightning is used, which is proper to set off that Subject : 'tis true the Author was not there to go out of Prose, as he does in his higher Arguments of Comedy, *The Fox and Alchymist* ; yet he does so raise his matter in that Prose, as to render it



it delightful ; which he could never have performed, had he only said or done those very things that are daily spoken or practis'd in the Fair : for then the Fair it self would be as full of pleasure to an ingenious person as the Play ; which we manifestly see it is not. But he hath made an excellent Lazar of it ; the Copy is of price, though the Original be vile. You see in *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, where the Argument is great, he sometimes ascends to Verse, which shews he thought it not unnatural in serious Plays : and had his Genius been as proper for Rhyme, as it was for Humour ; or had the Age in which he liv'd, attain'd to as much knowledge in Verse, as ours, 'tis probable he would have adorn'd those Subjects with that kind of Writing.

Thus Prose, though the rightful Prince, yet is by common consent depos'd, as too weak for the government of serious Plays ; and he failing, there now start up two Competitors ; one the nearer in blood, which is blank Verse ; the other more fit for the ends of government, which is Rhyme. Blank Verse is, indeed, the nearer Prose, but he is blemish'd with the weakness of his Predecessor. Rhyme (for I will deal clearly) has somewhat of the Usurper in him, but he is brave, and generous, and his Dominion pleasing. For this reason of delight, the Ancients (whom I will still believe as wise as those who so confidently correct them) wrote all their Tragedies in Verse, though they knew it most remote from Conversation.

But I perceive I am falling into the danger of another rebuke from my Opponent : for when I plead that the Ancients used Verse, I prove not that they would have admitted Rhyme, had it then been written : all I can say is only this, That it seems to have succeeded Verse by the general consent of Poets in all Modern Languages : for almost all their serious Plays are written in it : which, though it be no demonstration that therefore they ought to be so, yet, at least the practice first, and then the continuation of it, shews that it attain'd the end, which was to please ; and if that cannot be compass'd here, I will be the first who shall lay it down. For I confess my chief endeavours are to delight the Age in which I live. If the humour of this, be for low Comedy, small Accidents, and Raillery, I will force my Genius to obey it, though with more reputation I could write in Verse. I know

I am

I am not so fitted by Nature to write Comedy: I want that gayety of humour which is required to it. My Conversation is slow and dull, my humour Saturnine and reserv'd: In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break Jest in Company, or make reparties. So that those who decry my Comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit: reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend. I beg pardon for entertaining the Reader with so ill a Subject; but before I quit that Argument, which was the cause of this digression, I cannot but take notice how I am corrected for my quotation of *Seneca*, in my Defence of Plays in Verse. My words are these. Our Language is Noble, Full, and Significant, and I know not why he who is Master of it, may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the Latine, if he use the same diligence in his choice of Words. One would think *Unlock a door* was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; yet *Seneca* could make it sound high and lofty in his Latine.

*Referate Clusos Regii postes Laris.*

But he says of me, *That being fill'd with the Precedents of the Ancients who writ their Plays in Verse, I commend the thing, declaring our Language to be Full, Noble, and Significant, and charging all defect upon the ill placing of words, which I prove by quoting Seneca loftily expressing such an ordinary thing as shutting a door.*

Here he manifestly mistakes; for I spoke not of the placing, but of the choice of words: for which I quoted that Aphorism of *Julius Caesar*, *Delectus verborum est origo Eloquentie*: but *delectus verborum* is no more Latine for the placing of words, than *Referate* is Latine for shut the door, as he interprets it, which I ignorantly construed unlock or open it.

He supposes I was highly affected with the sound of those words; and I suppose I may more justly imagine it of him: for if he had not been extreemly satisfied with the sound, he would have minded the sense a little better.

But these are now to be no faults; for ten days after his Book is publish'd, and that his mistakes are grown so famous, that they are come back to him, he sends his *Errata* to be printed, and annexed



annexed to his Play: and desires that, instead of *shutting* you would read *opening*; which it seems, was the Printers fault. I wonder at his modesty, that he did not rather say it was *Seneca's* or mine, and that in some Authors *Referare* was to *shut* as well as to *open*, as the word *Barach*, say the Learned, is both to *bless* and *curse*.

Well, since it was the Printer, he was a naughty man to commit the same mistake twice in six lines: I warrant you *delectus verborum* for placing of words was his mistake too, though the Author forgot to tell him of it: if it were my Book I assure you it should. For those Rascals ought to be the Proxies of every Gentleman Author, and to be chastis'd for him, when he is not pleas'd to own an Errour. Yet since he has given the *Errata*, I wish he would have enlarged them only a few sheets more, and then he would have spar'd me the labour of an Answer: for this cursed Printer is so given to mistakes, that there is scarce a sentence in the Preface, without some false Grammar, or hard sence in it: which will all be charg'd upon the Poet, because he is so good natur'd as to lay but three Errours to the Printers account, and to take the rest upon himself, who is better able to support them. But he needs not apprehend that I should strictly examine those little faults, except I am call'd upon to do it: I shall return therefore to that quotation of *Seneca*, and answer not to what he writes, but to what he means. I never intended it as an Argument, but only as an illustration of what I had said before concerning the election of words; and all he can charge me with is only this, that if *Seneca* could make an ordinary thing sound well in Latine by the choice of words, the same with the like care might be perform'd in English: if it cannot, I have committed an Errour on the right hand, by commending too much the copiousness and well sounding of our Language, which I hope my Country men will pardon me. At least the words which follow in my Dramatique Essay will plead somewhat in my behalf; for I say there, that this Objection happens but seldom in a Play, and then too either the meanness of the expression may be avoided, or shut out from the Verse by breaking it in the midst.

But I have said too much in the defence of Verse; for after

all 'tis a very indifferent thing to me, whether it obtain or not. I am content hereafter to be ordered by his rule, that is, to write it sometimes because it pleases me, and so much the rather, because he has declared that it pleases him. But he has taken his last farewel of the Muses, and he has done it civilly, by honouring them with the name of *his long acquaintances*, which is a Complement they have scarce deserved from him. For my own part I bear a share in the publick loss, and how emulous soever I may be of his fame and reputation, I cannot but give this testimony of his Style, that it is extream poetical, even in Oratory; his Thoughts elevated, sometimes above common apprehension; his Notions politick and grave, and tending to the instruction of Princes, and reformation of States; that they are abundantly interlac'd with variety of Farcies, Tropes, and Figures, which the Criticks have enviously branded with the name of obscurity and false Grammar.

*Well he is now fetter'd in business of more unpleasant nature:* the Muses have lost him, but the Commonwealth gains by it; The corruption of a Poet is the Generation of a Statesman.

*He will not venture again into the civil Wars of Censure, ubi----- nullos habitura triumphos:* if he had not told us he had left the Muses, we might have half suspected it by that word, *ubi*, which does not any way belong to them in that place; the rest of the Verse is indeed *Lucans*, but that *ubi* I will answer for it, is his own. Yet he has another reason for this disgust of Poesie; for he says immediately after, that *the manner of Plays which are now in most esteem, is beyond his power to perform:* to perform the manner of a thing I confess is new English to me. However, he condemns not the satisfaction of others, but rather their unnecessary understanding, who, like Sancho Panca's Doctor, prescribe too strictly to our appetites; for, says he, in the difference of Tragedy and Comedy, and of Farce it self, there can be no determination but by the taste, nor in the manner of their composition.

We shall see him now as great a Critick as he was a Poet, and the reason why he excell'd so much in Poetry will be evident, for it will appear to have proceeded from the exactness of his judgment. *In the difference of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce it self, there can be no determination but by the taste.* I will not quarrel



quarrel with the obscurity of his Phrase, though I justly might; but beg his pardon if I do not rightly understand him; if he means that there is no essential difference betwixt *Comedy*, *Tragedy*, and *Farce*, but what is only made by the peoples taste, which distinguishes one of them from the other, that is so manifest an Error that I need not lose time to contradict it. Were there neither Judge, Taste, nor Opinion in the world, yet they would differ in their natures; for the action, character, and language of *Tragedy*, would still be great and high; that of *Comedy* lower and more familiar; Admiration would be the Delight of one, and Satyr of the other.

I have but briefly touch'd upon these things, because, whatever his words are, I can scarce imagine, that *he who is always concern'd for the true honour of reason, and would have no spurious issue father'd upon her*, should mean any thing so absurd as to affirm, that there is no difference betwixt *Comedy* and *Tragedy* but what is made by the taste only: Unless he would have us understand the *Comedies* of my Lord *L.* where the first Act should be Potages, the second *Fricassées*, &c. and the Fifth a *Chere Entiere* of Women.

I rather guess he means, that betwixt one *Comedy* or *Tragedy* and another, there is no other difference but what is made by the liking or disliking of the Audience. This is indeed a less error than the former, but yet it is a great one. The liking or disliking of the people gives the Play the denomination of good or bad, but does not really make, or constitute it such. To please the people ought to be the Poets aim, because Plays are made for their delight; but it does not follow that they are always pleas'd with good Plays, or that the Plays which please them are always good. The humour of the people is now for *Comedy*, therefore in hope to please them, I write *Comedies* rather than serious Plays: and so far their taste prescribes to me: but it does not follow from that reason, that *Comedy* is to be prefer'd before *Tragedy* in its own nature: for that which is so in its own nature cannot be otherwise; as a man cannot but be a rational creature: but the opinion of the people may alter, and in another Age, or perhaps in this, serious Plays may be set up above *Comedies*.

This I think a sufficient Answer ; if it be not, he has provided me of an Excuse ; it seems in his wisdom, he foresaw my weakness, and has found out this expedient for me, *That it is not necessary for Poets to study strict reason, since they are so used to a greater latitude than is allowed by that severe inquisition ; that they must infringe their own jurisdiction to profess themselves oblig'd to argue well.*

I am obliged to him for discovering to me this back door ; but I am not yet resolv'd on my retreat : For I am of opinion that they cannot be good Poets who are not accustomed to argue well. False Reasonings and colours of Speech, are the certain marks of one who does not understand the Stage : For Moral Truth is the Mistress of the Poet as much as of the Philosopher : Poesie must resemble Natural Truth, but it must be Ethical. Indeed the Poet dresses Truth, and adorns Nature, but does not alter them :

*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*

Therefore that is not the best Poesie which resembles notions of things that are not, to things that are : though the fancy may be great and the words flowing, yet the Soul is but half satisfied when there is not Truth in the foundation. This is that which makes *Virgil* be preferred before the rest of Poets : In variety of fancy and sweetness of expression, you see *Ovid* far above him : for *Virgil* rejected many of those things which *Ovid* wrote. A great Wits great Work is to refuse, as my worthy Friend Sir *John Berkeleyhead* has ingeniously express'd it : you rarely meet with any thing in *Virgil* but Truth, which therefore leaves the strongest impression of pleasure in the Soul. This I thought my self oblig'd to say in behalf of Poesie : and to declare, though it be against my self, that when Poets do not argue well, the defect is in the Work-men, not in the Art.

And now I come to the boldest part of his Discourse, wherein he attacks not me, but all the Ancients and Moderns ; and undermines, as he thinks, the very foundations on which Dramatique Poesie is built. I could wish he would have declin'd that envy which must of necessity follow such an undertaking, and contented himself with triumphing over me in my opinions of Verse,



Verse, which I will never hereafter dispute with him ; but he must pardon me if I have that Veneration for *Aristotle*, *Horace*, *Ben. Johnson*, and *Corneille*, that I dare not serve him in such a Cause, and against such Heroes, but rather fight under their protection, as *Homer* reports of little *Tenecer*, who shot the Trojans from under the large Buckler of *Ajax Telamon*.

Στῦ δ' ἄρ' ἔω' Αἰαντὶ σάκει Τελαμωνιδῶν, &c.

*He stood beneath his Brothers ample shield ;  
And, cover'd there, shot death through all the field.*

The words of my noble Adversary are these :

*But if we examine the general Rules laid down for Plays by strict reason, we shall find the errors equally gross ; for the great foundation which is laid to build upon, is nothing as it is generally stated, as will appear upon the examination of the Particulars.*

These Particulars in due time shall be examin'd : in the mean while let us consider what this great foundation is, which he says is nothing, as it is generally stated. I never heard of any other foundation of Dramatique Poesie than the imitation of Nature ; neither was there ever pretended any other by the Ancients or Moderns, or me, who endeavour to follow them in that Rule. This I have plainly said in my definition of a Play ; that it is a just and lively image of humane Nature, &c. Thus the Foundation, as it is generally stated, will stand sure, if this definition of a Play be true ; if it be not, he ought to have made his exception against it, by proving that a Play is not an imitation of Nature, but somewhat else which he is pleas'd to think it.

But 'tis very plain, that he has mistaſten the foundation for that which is built upon it, though not immediately : for the direct and immediate consequence is this ; if Nature be to be imitated, then there is a Rule for imitating Nature rightly, otherwise there may be an end, and no means conducing to it. Hitherto I have proceeded by demonstration ; but as our Divines, when they have prov'd a Deity, because there is order, and have infer'd that this Deity ought to be worshipped, differ afterwards in the manner of the Worship ; so having laid down, that

Nature

Nature is to be imitated, and that Proposition proving the next, that then there are means which conduce to the imitating of Nature, I dare proceed no farther positively : but have only laid down some opinions of the Ancients and Moderns, and of my own, as means which they used, and which I thought probable for the attaining of that end. Those means are the same which my Antagonist calls the Foundations, how properly the world may judge ; and to prove that this is his meaning, he clears it immediately to you, by enumerating those Rules or Propositions against which he makes his particular exceptions ; as namely, those of time and place, in these words : *First we are told the plot should not be so ridiculously contrived, as to crowd two several Countries into one Stage ; secondly, to cramp the Accidents of many years or days into the representation of two hours and an half ; and lastly, a Conclusion drawn, that the only remaining Dispute is, concerning time, whether it should be contained in 12 or 24 hours ; and the place to be limited to that spot of ground where the Play is supposed to begin : and this is called nearest Nature ; for that is concluded most natural, which is most probable, and nearest to that which it presents.*

Thus he has only made a small mistake of the means conducing to the end, for the end it self, and of the superstructure for the foundation : but he proceeds. *To skew therefore upon what ill grounds, they dictate Laws for Dramatique Poesie, &c.* He is here pleased to charge me with being Magisterial, as he has done in many other places of his Preface. Therefore in vindication of my self, I must crave leave to say, that my whole Discourse was Sceptical, according to that way of reasoning which was used by *Socrates, Plato*, and all the Academiques of old, which *Tully* and the best of the Ancients followed, and which is imitated by the modest Inquisitions of the Royal Society. That it is so, not only the name will shew, which is *an Essay*, but the frame and Composition of the Work. You see it is a Dialogue sustain'd by persons of several opinions, all of them left doubtful, to be determined by the Readers in general ; and more particularly defer'd to the accurate Judgment of my Lord *Buckhurst*, to whom I made a Dedication of my Book. These are my words in my Epistle, speaking of the persons whom I introduc'd in my Dialogue.

Tis



'Tis true they differ'd in their opinions, as 'tis probable they would; neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them, leaving your Lordship to decide it in favour of that part which you shall judge most reasonable. And after that in my Advertisement to the Reader I said this; The drift of the ensuing Discourse is chiefly to vindicate the Honour of our English Writers from the Censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art which they understand much better than my self. But this is more than necessary to clear my modesty in that point: & I am very confident that there is scarce any man who has lost so much time, as to read that trifle, but will be my Compurgator as to that arrogance whereof I am accus'd. The truth is, if I had been naturally guilty of so much vanity as to dictate my opinions; yet I do not find that the Character of a positive or self-conceited person is of such advantage to any in this Age, that I should labour to be publickly admitted of that Order.

But I am not now to defend my own Cause, when that of all the Ancients and Moderns is in question: for this Gentleman who accuses me of arrogance, has taken a course not to be taxed with the other extream of modesty. Those propositions which are laid down in my Discourse as helps to the better imitation of Nature, are not mine (as I have said) nor were ever pretended to be, but derived from the Authority of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, and from the Rules and Examples of *Ben. Johnson* and *Corneille*. These are the men with whom properly he contends, and against whom he will endeavour to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they All pretend.

His Argument against the Unities of place and time, is this; That 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses truly, as two Countries or Kingdoms, & as impossible that five hours or twenty four hours should be two hours, as that a thousand hours or years should be less than what they are, or the greatest part of time to be comprehended in the less: for all of them being impossible, they are none of them nearest the Truth or Nature of what they present; for impossibilities are all equal, and admit of no degree.

This Argument is so scattered into parts, that it can scarce be  
united

united into a Syllogism ; yet, in obedience to him, *I will abbreviate* and comprehend as much of it as I can in few words, that my Answer to it may be more perspicuous. I conceive his meaning to be what follows as to the unity of place : (if I mistake, I beg his pardon, professing it is not out of any design to play the *Argumentative Poet*.) If one Stage cannot properly present two Rooms or Houses, much less two Countries or Kingdoms, then there can be no Unity of place : but one Stage cannot properly perform this ; therefore there can be no Unity of place.

I plainly deny his minor Proposition ; the force of which, if I mistake not, depends on this ; that the Stage being one place, cannot be two. This indeed is as great a Secret, as that we are all mortal ; but to requite it with another, I must crave leave to tell him, that though the Stage cannot be two places, yet it may properly represent them, successively, or at several times. His Argument is indeed no more than a meer fallacy, which will evidently appear when we distinguish place, as it relates to Plays, into real and imaginary. The real place is that Theater, or piece of ground on which the Play is acted. The imaginary, that House, Town, or Country where the action of the *Drama* is supposed to be ; or more plainly, where the Scene of the Play is laid. Let us now apply this to that Herculean Argument, *which if strictly and duely weighed, is to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they all pretend*. 'Tis impossible, he says, for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses : I answer, 'tis neither impossible, nor improper, for one real place to represent two or more imaginary places, so it be done successively, which in other words is no more than this ; That the imagination of the Audience, aided by the words of the Poet, and painted Scenes, may suppose the Stage to be sometimes one place, sometimes another, now a Garden, or Wood, and immediately a Camp : which I appeal to every mans imagination, if it be not true. Neither the Ancients nor Moderns, as much Fools as he is pleased to think them, ever asserted that they could make one place two ; but they might hope by the good leave of this Author, that the change of a Scene might lead the imagination to suppose the place alter'd : So that he cannot fasten those absurdities upon  
this



this Scene of a Play, or imaginary place of Action, that it is one place and yet two. And this being so clearly proved, that 'tis past any shew of a reasonable denial, it will not be hard to destroy that other part of his Argument which depends upon it, namely, that 'tis as impossible for a Stage to represent two Rooms or Houses, as two Countries or Kingdoms : for his reason is already overthrown, which was, because both were alike impossible. This is manifestly otherwise ; for 'tis proved, that a Stage may properly represent two Rooms or Houses ; for the imagination being Judge of what is represented, will in reason be less chocqu'd with the appearance of two rooms in the same house, or two houses in the same City, than with two distant Cities in the same Country, or two remote Countries in the same Universe. Imagination in a man, or reasonable Creature, is supposed to participate of reason, and when that governs, as it does in the belief of fiction, reason is not destroyed, but misled, or blinded : that can prescribe to the reason, during the time of the representation, somewhat like a weak belief of what it sees and hears ; and reason suffers it self to be so hood-wink'd, that it may better enjoy the pleasures of the fiction : but it is never so wholly made a captive, as to be drawn head-long into a perswasion of those things which are most remote from probability : 'tis in that case a free-born Subject, not a Slave, it will contribute willingly its assent, as far as it sees convenient, but will not be forc'd. Now there is a greater vicinity in Nature, betwixt two Rooms than betwixt two Houses, betwixt two Houses than betwixt two Cities, and so of the rest : reason therefore can sooner be led by imagination to step from one room into another, than to walk to two distant houses, and yet rather to go thither, than to flye like a Witch through the Air, and be hurried from one Region to another. Fancy and Reason go hand in hand, the first cannot leave the last behind ; and though Fancy, when it sees the wide Gulph, would venture over, as the nimbler ; yet it is with-held by Reason, which will refuse to take the leap, when the distance over it appears too large. If *Ben. Johnson* himself will remove the Scene from *Rome* into *Tuscany* in the same Act, and from thence return to *Rome*, in the Scene which immediately follows ; reason will consider there is no proportionable allowance of time to perform the

journey, and therefore will chuse to stay at home. So then the less change of place there is, the less time is taken up in transporting the persons of the *Drama*, with Analogy to reason; and in that Analogy, or resemblance of Fiction to Truth, consists the excellency of the Play.

For what else concerns the Unity of place, I have already given my opinion of it in my *Essay*, that there is a latitude to be allowed to it, as several places in the same Town or City, or places adjacent to each other in the same Country; which may all be comprehended under the larger denomination of one place; yet with this restriction, that the nearer and fewer those imaginary places are, the greater resemblance they will have to Truth: and Reason which cannot make them one, will be more easily led to suppose them so.

What has been said of the Unity of place, may easily be applied to that of time: I grant it to be impossible, that the greater part of time should be comprehended in the less, that twenty four hours should be crowded into three: but there is no necessity of that Supposition. For as *Place*, so *Time* relating to a Play, is either imaginary or real: The real is comprehended in those three hours, more or less, in the space of which the Play is represented: The imaginary is that which is supposed to be taken up in the Representation, as twenty four hours more or less. Now no man ever could suppose that twenty four real hours could be included in the space of three: but where is the absurdity of affirming that the feigned business of twenty four imagin'd hours, may not more naturally be represented in the compass of three real hours, than the like feigned business of twenty four years in the same proportion of real time? For the proportions are always real, and much nearer, by his permission, of twenty four to three, than of four thousand to it.

I am almost fearful of illustrating anything by similitude, lest he should confute it for an Argument; yet I think the comparison of a Glass will discover very aptly the fallacy of his Argument, both concerning time and place. The strength of his Reason depends on this, That the less cannot comprehend the greater. I have already answered, that we need not suppose it does; I say not that the less can comprehend



prehend the greater, but only that it may represent it : As in a Glass or Mirrour of half a yard Diameter, a whole room and many persons in it may be seen at once: not that it can comprehend that room or those persons, but that it represents them to the sight.

But the Author of the Duke of *Lerma* is to be excus'd for his declaring against the Unity of time : for if I be not much mistaken, he is an interess'd person ; the time of that Play taking up so many years as the favour of the Duke of *Lerma* continued ; nay, the second and third Act including all the time of his Prosperity, which was a great part of the Reign of *Philip* the Third : for in the beginning of the second Act he was not yet a Favourite, and before the end of the third, was in disgrace. I say not this with the least design of limiting the Stage too servilely to 24 hours, however he be pleas'd to tax me with dogmatizing in that point. In my Dialogue, as I before hinted, several persons maintained their several opinions : one of them, indeed, who supported the Cause of the French Poësie, said how strict they were in that Particular : but he who answered in behalf of our Nation, was willing to give more latitude to the Rule ; and cites the words of *Corneille* himself, complaining against the severity of it, and observing what Beauties it banish'd from the Stage, pag. 44. of my *Essay*. In few words my own opinion is this, (and I willingly submit it to my Adversary, when he will please impartially to consider it,) that the imaginary time of every Play ought to be contriv'd into as narrow a compass, as the nature of the Plot, the quality of the Persons, and variety of Accidents will allow. In Comedy I would not exceed 24 or 30 hours : for the Plot, Accidents, and Persons of Comedy are small, and may be naturally turn'd in a little compass : But in Tragedy the Design is weighty, and the Persons great, therefore there will naturally be required a greater space of time in which to move them. And this, though *Ben. Johnson* has not told us, yet 'tis manifestly his opinion : for you see that to his Comedies he allows generally but 24 hours ; to his two Tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, a much larger time : though he draws both of them into as narrow a compass as he can : For he shews you only the latter end of *Sejanus* his Favour, and the Conspiracy of *Catiline*

already ripe, and just breaking out into action.

But as it is an error on the one side, to make too great a disproportion betwixt the imaginary time of the Play, and the real time of its representation; so on the other side, 'tis an oversight to compress the accidents of a Play into a narrower compass than that in which they could naturally be produc'd. Of this last error the French are seldom guilty, because the thinness of their Plots prevents them from it: but few English men, except *Ben. Johnson*, have ever made a Plot with variety of design in it, included in 24 hours which was altogether natural. For this reason, I prefer the *Silent Woman* before all other Plays, I think justly, as I do its Author in Judgment, above all other Poets. Yet of the two, I think that error the most pardonable, which in too straight a compass crowds together many accidents, since it produces more variety, and consequently more pleasure to the Audience: and because the nearness of proportion betwixt the imaginary and real time, does speciously cover the compression of the Accidents.

Thus I have endeavour'd to answer the meaning of his Argument; for as he drew it, I humbly conceive that it was none: as will appear by his Proposition, and the proof of it. His Proposition was this.

*If strictly and duly weigh'd, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses, as two Countries or Kingdoms, &c. And his Proof this: For all being impossible, they are none of them nearest the Truth or Nature of what they present.*

Here you see, instead of a Proof or Reason, there is only a *Petitio principii*: for in plain words, his sense is this; Two things are as impossible as one another, because they are both equally impossible: but he takes those two things to be granted as impossible, which he ought to have prov'd such before he had proceeded to prove them equally impossible: he should have made out first that it was impossible for one Stage to represent two Houses, & then have gone forward to prove that it was as equally impossible for a Stage to present two Houses, as two Countries.

After all this, the very absurdity to which he would reduce me, is none at all: for he only drives at this, That if his Argument be true, I must then acknowledge that there are degrees in impossibilities,



possibilities, which I easily grant him without dispute : and if I mistake not, *Aristotle* and the *School* are of my opinion. For there are some things which are absolutely impossible, and others which are only so *ex parte* ; as 'tis absolutely impossible for a thing to be, and not be at the same time ; but for a Stone to move naturally upward, is only impossible *ex parte materiae* ; but it is not impossible for the first Mover, to alter the Nature of it.

His last Assault, like that of a French man, is most feeble : for whereas I have observed, that none have been violent against Verse, but such only as have not attempted it, or have succeeded ill in their attempt, he will needs, according to his usual custom, improve my Observation to an Argument, that he might have the glory to confute it. But I lay my Observation at his feet, as I do my Pen, which I have often employ'd willingly in his deserved commendations, and now most unwillingly against his Judgment. For his person and parts, I honour them as much as any man living, and have had so many particular Obligations to him, that I should be very ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge them to the World. But I gave not the first occasion of this difference in opinions. In my Epistle Dedicatory, before my *Rival Ladies*, I had said somewhat in behalf of Verse, which he was pleased to answer in his Preface to his Plays : that occasioned my Reply in my Essay, and that Reply begot this rejoinder of his in his Preface to the Duke of *Lerma*. But as I was the last who took up Arms, I will be the first to lay them down. For what I have here written, I submit it wholly to him ; and if I do not hereafter answer what may be objected against this Paper, I hope the World will not impute it to any other reason, than only the due respect which I have for so noble an Opponent.





To the most Excellent and most Illustrious  
Princess ANNE Dutchess of Monmouth,  
and Bucclogh, Wife to the most Illustrious  
and High-born Prince James Duke of  
Monmouth.

May it please your Grace,

**T**HE favour which Heroick Plays have lately  
found upon our Theaters, has been wholly de-  
riv'd to them from the countenance and appro-  
bation they have receiv'd at Court. The most  
eminent persons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle  
having so far owned them, that they have judg'd no way  
so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express  
a noble passion. And amongst the rest which have been writ-  
ten in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem,  
as to allow it no inconsiderable place. Since, therefore, to  
the Court I owe its fortune on the Stage; so, being now more  
publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your  
Graces Protection, who by all knowing persons are esteem'd  
a Principal Ornament of the Court. But though the rank  
which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes  
of a Poet to you, yet your beauty and goodness detain and fix  
them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the sight; but it  
looks up with pain on Craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains;  
and continues not intent on any object, which is wanting in  
shades and greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is so  
necessary to the young, that those who are without it, seem to  
be there to no other purpose then to wait on the triumphs  
of the fair; to attend their motions in obscurity, as the Moon  
and

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

and Stars do the Sun by day; or, at best, to be the refuge of those hearts which others have despis'd; and, by the unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable comfort. But as needful as beauty is, Virtue, and Honour are yet more: the reign of it without their support is unsafe and short like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty wasts it; and, when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as short continuance, as the after Spring, when the Sun is going farther off. This, Madam, is its ordinary Fate; but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines could be preserv'd, by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own natures, then your Graces would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your Noble Lord, in masculine Beauty, and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind, you need only to be seen together: we are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I must be forc'd to quit it as a private praise, since you have deserw'd those which are more publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: and by a certain kind of interest all people agree in their commendation, because the profit



### The Epistle Dedicatory.

profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your inclination to do good, that you stay not to be ask'd ; which is an approach so nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testify this Virtue of your Graces by my own experience ; since I have so great an aversion from soliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without desert. But I beg your Graces pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty to my self, which the sequel of this Discourse will no way justify. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an acknowledgment, which stands in need of your protection ; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, than it is accounted bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a Child on some wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forc'd to send some of them abroad ; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, because I have landed him on a Hospitable shore. Under your Patronage Montezuma hopes he is more safe than in his Native Indies : and therefore comes to throw himself at your Graces feet ; paying that homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the violence of his Conquerours. He begs only that when he shall relate his sufferings, you will consider him as an Indian Prince, and not expect any other Eloquence from his simplicity, then what his griefs have furnish'd him withal. His story is, perhaps the greatest, which was ever represented in a Poem of this nature ; (the action of it including the Discovery and

C

Conquest



The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Conquest of a New World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the truth of the History, nor altogether left it : but have taken all the liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the beautifying of my Work. It being not the business of a Poet to represent Historical truth, but probability. But I am not to make the justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Graces mercy. 'Tis an irregular piece, if compar'd with many of Corneilles, and, if I may make a judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art ; in which it represents the mind and intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice,*

MADAM,

October the 12<sup>th</sup>  
1667.

Your Graces most Obedient

and most Obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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Con-

## Connexion of the *Indian Emperour* to the *Indian Queen*.

**T**HE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma*, and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time hapned the Discovery and Invasion of Mexico by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Tlaxcallan-Indians*, the inveterate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique Poem*.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Christians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story itself; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

### *The Names of the Persons Represented.*

	{ <i>Montezuma</i> , Emperour of Mexico.	
Indians Men,	{ <i>Odmar</i> , his Eldest Son.	
	{ <i>Guyomar</i> , his Younger Son.	
	{ <i>Orbellan</i> , Son to the late <i>Indian Queen</i> by <i>Traxalla</i> .	
	{ High Priest of the Sun.	
Women,	{ <i>Cydaria</i> , <i>Montezuma's</i> Daughter.	
	{ <i>Almeria</i> , } Sisters; and Daughter to the late <i>Indian Queen</i> .	
	{ <i>Alibech</i> , }	
Spaniards,	{ <i>Cortez</i> , the Spanish General.	
	{ <i>Vasquez</i> , } Commanders under him.	
	{ <i>Pizarro</i> , }	

The Scene MEXICO and two Leagues about it;

Pro-



# Prologue.

**A** *Lovely Critiques ! whom our Indians here  
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for fear.  
In reverence to your pow'r I come this day  
To give you timely warning of our Play.  
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same,  
We wore last year, before the Spaniards came.  
Now if you stay, the blood that shall be shed  
From this poor Play, be all upon your head.  
We neither promise you one Dance, or Show,  
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too :  
But you, kind Wits, will those light faults excuse :  
Those are the common frailties of the Muse ;  
Which who observes he buyes his place too dear :  
For 'tis your business to be couz'ned here.  
These wretched spies of wit must then confess  
They take more pains to please themselves the less.  
Grant us such Judges, Phœbus we request,  
As still mistake themselves into a jest ;  
Such easie Judges, that our Poet may  
Himself admire the fortune of his Play.  
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,  
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.  
This he conceives not hard to bring about  
If all of you would joyn to help him out.  
Would each man take but what he understands,  
And leave the rest upon the Poets hands.*

THE

(1)

THE

# Indian Emperour.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Scene a pleasant Indian Country.*

*Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, with Spaniards and Indians of their party.*

*Cort.* ON what new happy Climate are we thrown,  
So long kept secret, and so lately known;  
As if our old world modestly withdrew,  
And here, in private, had brought forth a new!

*Vasq.* Corn, Wine, and Oyl are wanting to this ground,  
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:  
As if this Infant world, yet un-array'd,  
Naked and bare, in Natures Lap were laid.  
No useful Arts have yet found footing here;  
But all untaught and salvage does appear.

*Cort.* Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone  
Invent, for fashions differing from our own:  
For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,  
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

*Piz.* In *Spain* our Springs, like old Mens Children be  
Decay'd and wither'd from their infancy:  
No kindly showers fall on our barren earth,  
To hatch the seasons in a timely birth.  
Our Summer such a Ruffet Livery wears,  
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.

B

*Cort.*



*Cort.* Here nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,  
Breaths on the Air and broods upon the ground.  
Here days and nights the only seasons be,  
The Sun no Climat does so gladly see :  
When forc'd from hence, to view our parts, he mourns ;  
Takes little journies, and makes quick returns.

*Vasq.* Methinks we walk in dreams on fairy Land,  
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common sand ;  
Each downfal of a flood the Mountains pour  
From their rich bowels, rolls a silver shower.

*Cort.* Heaven from all ages wisely did provide  
This wealth, and for the bravest Nation hide,  
Who with four hundred foot and forty horse,  
Dare boldly go a New found World to force.

*Piz.* Our men, though Valiant, we should find too few,  
But *Indians* joyn the *Indians* to subdue ;  
*Taxallan*, shook by *Montezumas* powers,  
Has to resist his forces, call'd in ours.

*Vasq.* Rashly to arm against so great a King  
I hold not safe, nor is it just to bring  
A War, without a fair defiance made.

*Piz.* Declare we first our quarrel : then invade.

*Cort.* My self, my Kings Embassadour, will go ;  
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico* ?

*Indi.* Your eyes can scarce so far a prospect make,  
As to discern the City on the Lake.  
But that broad Cause-way will direct your way,  
And you may reach the Town by noon of day.

*Cort.* Command a party of our *Indians* out,  
With a strict charge not to engage, but scout ;  
By noble ways we Conquest will prepare,  
First offer peace, and that refus'd make war.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*A Temple, and the high Priest with other Priests.*

*To them an Indian.*

*Ind.* Haste Holy Priest, it is the Kings command.

*High Pr.* When sets he forward?

*Ind.*-----He is near at hand.

*High Pr.* The incense is upon the Altar plac'd,

The bloody Sacrifice already past.

Five hundred Captives saw the rising Sun,

Who lost their light ere half his race was run.

That which remains we here must celebrate;

Where far from noise, without the City gate,

The peaceful power that governs love repairs,

To feast upon soft vows and silent pray'rs.

We for his Royal presence only stay,

To end the rites of this so solemn day.

*Exit Indian.*

*Enter Montezuma; his eldest Son Odmar; his*

*Daughter Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Or-*

*bellan, and Train. They place themselves.*

*High Pr.* On your birth day, while we sing

To our Gods and to our King,

Her, among this beauteous quire,

Whose perfections you admire,

Her, who fairest does appear,

Crown her Queen of all the year.

Of the year and of the day,

And at her feet your Garland lay.

*Odmar.* My Father this way does his looks direct,

Heaven grant he give it not where I suspect.

*Montezuma rises, goes about the Ladies, and at length stays at Almeria and bows.*

*Mont.* Since my Orazia's death I have not seen

A beauty so deserving to be Queen

As fair *Almeria*.



*Alm.*-----Sure he will not know  
My birth I to that injur'd Princess owe,  
Whom his hard heart not only love deny'd,  
But in her sufferings took unmanly pride.

{To her Brother  
and Sister aside.

*Alib.* Since *Montezuma* will his choice renew,  
In dead *Orazia's* room electing you,  
'Twill please our Mothers Ghost that you succeed  
To all the glories of her Rivals bed.

*Alm.* If news be carried to the shades below,  
The *Indian Queen* will be more pleas'd, to know  
That I his scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay.

*Orb.* Would you could right her some more noble way.

*She turns to him who is kneeling  
all this while.*

*Mont.* Madam, this posture is for Heaven design'd, [*Kneeling*:  
And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.

*Alm.* Heaven may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,  
And crimes below cost little to forgive.  
By thee, Inhumane, both my Parents dy'd;  
One by thy sword, the other by thy pride.

*Mont.* My haughty mind no fate could ever bow,  
Yet I must stoop to one who scorns me now:  
Is there no pity to my sufferings due?

*Alm.* As much as what my mother found from you.

*Mont.* Your mothers wrongs a recompence shall meet,  
I lay my Scepter at her Daughters feet.

*Alm.* He, who does now my least commands obey,  
Would call me Queen, and take my pow'r away.

*Odm.* Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?  
Is love so pow'rful, or his soul so weak?

I'll fright her from it, Madam, though you see.  
The King is kind, I hope your modesty  
Will know, what distance to the Crown is due.

*Alm.* Distance and modesty prescrib'd by you?

*Odm.* *Almeria* dares not think such thoughts as these.

*Alm.* She dares both think and act what thoughts she please.  
'Tis much below me on his Throne to sit;  
But when I do, you shall petition it.

*Odm.*

*Odm.* If, Sir, *Almeria* does your bed partake,  
I mourn for my forgotten mothers sake.

*Mont.* When Parents loves are order'd by a Son,  
Let streams prescribe their fountains where to run.

*Odm.* Inall I urge I keep my duty still,  
Not rule your reason, but instruct your will.

*Mont.* Small use of reason in that Prince is shown,  
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

*Almeria to Orbellan and Alibech, who are  
this while whispering to her.*

*Alm.* No, he shall ever love, and always be  
The subject of my scorn and cruelty.

*Orb.* To prove the lasting torment of his life,  
You must not be his Mistress, but his Wife.  
Few know what care, an Husbands peace destroys,  
His real griefs, and his dissembled joys.

*Alm.* What mark of pleasing vengeance could be shown,  
If I to break his quiet lose my own?

*Orb.* A brothers life upon your love relies,  
Since I do homage to *Cydarias* eyes:  
How can her Father to my hopes be kind?  
If in your heart, he no example find?

*Alm.* To save your life I'll suffer any thing,  
Yet I'll not flatter this tempestuous King;  
But work his stubborn soul a nobler way,  
And, if he love, I'll force him to obey.  
I take this Garland, not as given by you,  
But as my merit, and my beauties due.  
As for the Crown that you, my slave, possess,  
To share it with you would but make me less.

*to Montez.*

*Enter Guyomar hastily.*

*Odm.* My brother *Guyomar*! methinks I spy  
Haft in his steps, and wonder in his eye.

*Mont.* I sent thee to the frontiers, quickly tell  
The cause of thy return, are all things well?

*Guy.* I went, in order, Sir, to your command,  
To view the utmost limits of the land:

To



To that Sea-shore where no more world is found,  
 But foaming billows breaking on the ground,  
 Where, for a while, my eyes no object met  
 But distant skies that in the Ocean set :  
 And low hung clouds that dipt themselves in rain  
 To shake their fleeces on the earth again.  
 At last, as far 'as I could cast my eyes  
 Upon the Sea, somewhat, methought did rise  
 Like blewish mists, which still appearing more,  
 Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore.

*Mont.* What forms did these new wonders represent ?

*Guy.* More strange than what your wonder can invent.  
 The object I could first distinctly view  
 Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew,  
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,  
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow :  
 And at their roots grew floating Palaces,  
 Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding Seas.

*Mont.* What Divine Monsters, O ye gods, were these  
 That float in air and flye upon the Seas !

Cam they alive or dead upon the shore ?

*Guy.* Alas, they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar :  
 All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,  
 I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.  
 Sure 'tis their voice that Thunders from on high,  
 Or these the younger brothers of the Skie.  
 Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,  
 No mortal courage can support the fright.

*High Pr.* Old Prophecies foretel our fall at hand,  
 When bearded men in floating Castles Land,  
 I fear it is of dire portent.

*Mont.* ----- Go see.

What it fore-shows, and what the gods decree.  
 Mean time proceed we to what rites remain,  
*Odm.* of all this presence does contain,  
 Give her your wreath whom you esteem most fair.  
*Odm.* Above the rest I judge one beauty rare,

And

And may that beauty prove as kind to me  
As I am sure fair *Alibech* is she.

*He gives Alibech  
the wreath.*

*Mont.* You *Guyomar* must next perform your part.

*Guy.* I want a Garland, but I le give a heart :  
My brothers pardon I must first implore,  
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

*Odm.* That all should *Alibech* adore 'tis true,  
But some respect is to my birth-right due.  
My claim to her by Eldership I prove.

*Guy.* Age is a plea in Empire, not in Love.

*Odm.* I long have staid for this solemnity  
To make my passion publick.

*Guy.* ----- So have I.

*Odm.* But from her birth my soul has been her slave,  
My heart receiv'd the first wounds which she gave :  
I watcht the early glories of her Eyes,  
As men for day-break watch the Eastern Skies.

*Guy.* It seems my soul then mov'd the quicker pace,  
Yours first set out, mine reach'd her in the race.

*Mont.* *Odm.*, your choice I cannot disapprove ;  
Nor justly *Guyomar*, can blame your love.  
To *Alibech* alone refer your suit,  
And let her sentence finish your dispute.

*Alib.* You think me Sir a Mistress quickly won,  
So soon to finish what is scarce begun :  
In this surprise should I a judgment make,  
'Tis answering Riddles ere I'm well awake :  
If you oblige me suddenly to chuse,  
The choice is made, for I must both refuse.  
For to my self I owe this due regard  
Not to make love my gift, but my reward,  
Time best will show whose services will last.

*Odm.* Then judge my future service by my past.  
What I shall be by what I was, you know :  
That love took deepest root which first did grow.

*Guy.* That love which first was set will first decay,  
Mine of a fresher date will longer stay.

*Odm.* Still you forget my birth.

*Guy.*



*Guy*.----- But you, I see,  
Take care still to refresh my memory.

*Mont*. My Sons, let your unseemly discord cease,  
If not in friendship, live at least in peace.

*Orbellan*, where you love bestow your wreath.

*Orb*. My love I dare not, ev'n in whispers breath.

*Mont*. A vertuous Love may venture any thing.

*Orb*. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.

*Mont*. Whither is all my former fury gone?

Once more I have *Traxalla's* chains put on,  
And by his Children am in triumph led;  
Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!

*Alm*. You think my brother born your enemy,  
He's of *Traxalla's* blood, and so am I.

*Mont*. In vain I strive,  
My Lyon-heart is with Loves toyls beset,  
Strugling I fall still deeper in the net.

*Cydaria* your new lovers Garland take,  
And use him kindly for your Fathers sake.

*Cyd*. So strong an hatred does my nature sway,  
That spight of duty I must disobey.  
Besides you warn'd me still of loving two,  
Can I love him already loving you?

*Enter a Guard hastily.*

*Mont*. You look amaz'd as if some sudden fear  
Had seiz'd your hearts, is any danger near?

1 *Guard*. Behind the covert where this Temple stands,  
Thick as the shades, there issue swarming bands  
Of ambush'd men, whom, by their arms and dress,  
To be *Taxcallan* Enemies I guess.

*Another Enters.*

2 *Guard*. The Temple, Sir, is almost compact round.

*Mont*. Some speedy way for passage must be found.  
Make to the City by the Postern Gate,  
I'll either force my Victory, or Fate;  
A glorious death in arms I'll rather prove,  
Than stay to perish tamely by my Love.

*An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Ali-bech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, as pursued by Taxallans.*

*Mont.* No succour from the Town?

*Odmar.*-----None, none is nigh.

*Guy.* We are inclos'd and must resolve to dye.

*Mont.* Fight for revenge now hope of life is past,  
But one stroke more and that will be my last.

*Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, to the Taxallans, Cortez stays them, just falling on.*

*Cort.* Contemn'd? my orders broke even in my fight! { *To his*  
Did I not strictly charge you should not fight? { *Indians*

*Indi.* Your choler, General, does unjustly rise,  
To see your Friends pursue your Enemies;  
The greatest and most cruel foes we have  
Are these whom you would ignorantly save,  
By ambush'd men, behind their Temple laid,  
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.

*Cort.* Where banish'd Vertue, wilt thou shew thy face  
If treachery infects thy *Indian* race!  
Dismiss your rage, and lay your weapons by:  
Know I protect them, and they shall not dye.

*Ind.* O wond'rous mercy shown to foes distressed!

*Cort.* Call them not so, when once with odds oppress'd,  
Nor are they Foes my clemency defends,  
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends:  
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themselves, then fire  
Our Guns on all who do not straight retire.

*To Vasq.*

*Ind.* O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall, *Ind. kneeling.*  
Before thy roaring gods destroy us all;  
See we retreat without the least reply, *The Taxallans retire.*  
Keep thy gods silent, if they speak we dye.

*Mont.* The fierce *Taxallans* lay their weapons down,  
Some miracle in our relief is shown.

*Guy.* These bearded men, in shape and colour be  
Like those I saw come floating on the Sea. [*Mont. kneels to Cort.*

C

*Mont.*



*Mont.* Patron of *Mexico* and god of Wars,  
Son of the Sun, and brother of the Stars.

*Cort.* Great Monarch, your devotion you misplace.

*Mont.* Thy actions show thee born of Heavenly Race.

If then thou art that cruel god, whose eyes  
Delight in Blood, and Humane Sacrifice;

Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,

And feed thy nostrils with hot reeking gore;

Or if that mild and gentle god thou be,

Who dost mankind below with pity see,

With breath of incense I will glad thy heart;

But if like us, of mortal seed thou art,

Presents of choicest Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,

And in my Realms thou shalt be more than King.

*Cort.* Monarch of Empires, and deserving more

Then the Sun sees upon your Western shores

Like you a man, and hither led by fame,

Not by constraint but by my choice I came;

Ambassadour of Peace, if Peace you chuse,

Or Herauld of a War if you refuse.

*Mont.* Whence or from whom dost thou these offers bring?

*Cort.* From *Charles* the Fifth, the Worlds most potent King.

*Mont.* Some petty Prince, and one of little fame,

For to this hour I never heard his name:

The two great Empires of the World I know,

That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;

And since the earth none larger does afford,

This *Charles* is some poor Tributary Lord.

*Cort.* You speak of that small part of earth you know,

But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,

And watry desarts of so vast extent,

That passing hither, four Full Moons we spent.

*Mont.* But say, what news, what offers dost thou bring

From so remote, and so unknown a King?

*Vasq.* Spain's mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven thinks fit

That all the Nations of the Earth submit,

In gracious clemency, does condescend

On these conditions to become your Friend:

While *Vasq.*  
speaks, *Cort.*  
spies the Ladies  
and goes to  
them, entertain-  
ing *Cydaria*  
with Courtship  
in dumb show.

First, that of him you shall your Scepter hold,  
 Next, you present him with your useless Gold :  
 Last, that you leave those Idols you implore,  
 And one true Deity with him adore.

*Mont.* You speak your Prince a mighty Emperour,  
 But his demands have spoke him Proud, and Poor ;  
 He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,  
 Yet poorly begs a mettall I despise.  
 Gold thou may'st take, whatever thou canst find,  
 Save what for sacred uses is design'd :  
 But, by what right pretends your King to be  
 This Sovereign Lord of all the World, and me ?

*Piz.* The Sovereign Priest,-----  
 Who represents on Earth the pow'r of Heaven,  
 Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.

*Mont.* Ill does he represent the powers above,  
 Who nourishes debate not Preaches love ;  
 Besides what greater folly can be shown ?  
 He gives another what is not his own.

*Vasq.* His pow'r must needs unquestion'd be below,  
 For he in Heaven an Empire can bestow.

*Mont.* Empires in Heaven he with more ease may give,  
 And you perhaps would with less thanks receive ;  
 But Heaven has need of no such Vice-roy here,  
 It self bestows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

*Piz.* You wrong his power as you mistake our end,  
 Who came thus far Religion to extend.

*Mont.* He who Religion truly understands  
 Knows its extent must be in Men, not Lands.

*Odm.* But who are those that truth must propagate  
 Within the confines of my Fathers state ?

*Vasq.* Religious Men, who hither must be sent  
 As awful guides of Heavenly Government ;  
 To teach you Penance, Fasts, and Abstinence,  
 To punish Bodies for the Souls offence.

*Mont.* Cheaply you sin, and punish crimes with ease,  
 Not as th' offended, but th' offenders please.



First injure Heaven, and when its wrath is due,  
Your selves prescribe it how to punish you.

*Odin.* What numbers of these Holy Men must come?

*Piz.* You shall not want, each Village shall have some;  
Who, though the Royal Dignity they owne,  
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

*Guy.* Depend on none! you treat them sure in state,  
For 'tis their plenty does their pride create.

*Mont.* Those ghostly Kings would parcel out my pow'r,  
And all the fatness of my Land devour;  
That Monarch sits not safely on his Throne,  
Who bears, within, a power that thocks his own,  
They teach obedience to Imperial sway,  
But think it sin if they themselves obey.

*Vasq.* It seems then our Religion you accuse,  
And peaceful homage to our King refuse.

*Mont.* Your gods I slight not, but will keep my own,  
My Crown is absolute, and holds of none;  
I cannot in a base subjection live,  
Nor suffer you to take, though I would give.

*Cort.* Is this your answer, Sir?

*Mont.* ----- This as a Prince,  
Bound to my Peoples and my Crowns defence,  
I must return, but, as a man by you,  
Redeem'd from death, all gratitude is due.

*Cort.* It was an act my Honour bound me to,  
But what I did were I again to do,  
I could not do it on my Honours score,  
For Love would now oblige me to do more.  
Is no way left that we may yet agree?  
Must I have War, yet have no Enemy?

*Vasq.* He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.

*Mont.* Since we must fight, hear Heavens, what Prayers I make;  
First, to preserve this Ancient State and me,  
But if your doom the fall of both decree,  
Grant only he who has such Honour shown,  
When I am dust, may fill my empty Throne.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* To make me happier than that wish can-do,  
Lies not in all your gods to grant, but you;  
Let this fair Princess but one minute stay,  
A look from her will your obligations pay.

*Exeunt Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan,  
Almeria, and Alibech.*

*Mont. to Cyd.* Your duty in your quick return be shown,  
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. *To his Guards.*  
*Cydaria is going, but turns and looks back upon Cortez,  
who is looking on her all this while.*

*Cyd.* My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,  
Sure I have something lost or left behind! *Aside.*

*Cort.* Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,  
I on her beauty gaze till I am blind. *Aside.*

*Cyd.* Thick breath, quick pulse, and heaving of my heart,  
All signs of some unwonted change appear:

I find my self unwilling to depart,  
And yet I know not why I would be here.

Stranger you raise such storms within my breast,  
That when I go, if I must go again;  
I'll tell my Father you have rob'd my rest;  
And to him of your injuries complain.

*Cort.* Unknown, I swear those wrongs were which I wrought;  
But my complaints will much more just appear,  
Who from another world my freedom brought,  
And to your conquering Eyes have lost it here.

*Cyd.* Where is that other world from whence you came?

*Cort.* Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.

*Cyd.* Your other world, I fear, is then the same.

That souls must go to when the body dies.

But what's the cause that keeps you here with me?

That I may know what keeps me here with you?

*Cort.* Mine is a love which must perpetual be,  
If you can be so just as I am true. *Enter Orbellan.*

*Orb.* Your Father wonders much at your delay.

*Cyd.* So great a wonder for so small a stay!

*Orb.* He has commanded you with me to go.

*Cyd.* Has he not sent to bring the stranger too?



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*Orb.* If he to morrow, dares in fight appear,  
His high plac'd Love; perhaps may cost him dear.

*Cort.* Dares----that word was never spoke to *Spaniard* yet,  
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;  
Hast quickly with thy pledge of safety hence,  
Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.

*Cyd.* Sure in some fatal hour my Love was born,  
So soon o'recast with absence in the morn!

*Cort.* Turn hence those pointed glories of your Eyes,  
For if more charms beneath those Circles rise,  
So weak my Vertue, they so strong appear,  
I shall turn ravisher to keep you here.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

## ACT II.

### SCENE, *The Magicians Cave.*

*Enter Montezuma, High Priest.*

*Mont.* NOT that I fear the utmost Fate can do,  
Come I th'event of doubtful War to know,  
For Life and Death are things indifferent,  
Each to be chose as either brings content;  
My motive from a Nobler cause does spring,  
Love rules my heart, and is your Monarchs King;  
I more desire to know *Almeria's* mind,  
Then all that Heaven has for my state design'd.

*High Pr.* By powerful Charms which nothing can withstand,  
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.

*Charm,*

Thou Moon, that aid'st us with thy Magick might,  
And ye small Stars, the scattered seeds of light,  
Dart your pale beams into this gloomy place,  
That the sad powers of the Infernal race  
May read above what's hid from Humane Eyes,  
And in your walks, see Empires fall and rise.

And

And ye Immortal Souls, who once were Men,  
 And now resolv'd to Elements agen,  
 Who wait for Mortal frames in depths below,  
 And did before what we are doom'd to do;  
 Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred wand,  
 Ascend, ascend, ascend at my command.

*An Earthy Spirit rises.*

*Spir.* In vain, O mortal men your Prayers implore  
 The aid of powers below, which want it more:  
 A God more strong, who all the gods commands,  
 Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;  
 The Air swarms thick with wandring Deities,  
 Which drowsily like humming Beetles rise  
 From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we slept,  
 And far from Heaven a long possession kept.  
 The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,  
 Now into Plains with prick'd up Ears take flight;  
 And scudding thence, while they their horn-feet ply  
 About their Syres the little *Silvans* cry.  
 A Nation loving Gold must rule this place,  
 Our Temples Ruine, and our Rites Deface:  
 To them, O King, is thy lost Scepter given,  
 Now mourn thy fatal search, for since wise Heaven  
 More ill then good to Mortals does dispence,  
 It is not safe to have too quick a sense.

*Descends.*

*Mont.* Mourn they who think repining can remove  
 The firm decrees of those who rule above;  
 The brave are safe within, who still dare dye,  
 When e're I fall I'll scorn my destiny.  
 Doom as they please my Empire not to stand,  
 I'll grasp my Scepter with my dying hand.

*High Pr.* Those Earthy Spirits black and envious are,  
 Ple call up other gods of form more fair:  
 Who Visions dress in pleasing Colours still,  
 Set all the good to show, and hide the ill.

*Kalib* ascend, my fair-spoke servant rise,  
 And sooth my Heart with pleasing Prophecies.

*Kalib.*



Kalib ascends all in White in the shape  
of a Woman, and sings.

Kalib. I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,  
Where many days did lower,  
When lo one happy hour  
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State;  
A day shall come when in thy power  
Thy cruel Foes shall be;  
Then shall thy Land be free,  
And thou in Peace shalt Reign:

But take, O take that opportunity,  
Which once refus'd will never come again.

*Descends.*

Mont. I shall deserve my Fate if I refuse  
That happy hour which Heaven allots to use;  
But of my Crown thou too much care do'st take,  
That which I value more, my Love's at stake.

High Pr. Arise ye subtle Spirits than can spy,  
When Love is enter'd in a Females eye;  
You that can read it in the midst of doubt,  
And in the midst of frowns can find it out;  
You that can search those many corner'd minds,  
Where Womans crooked fancy, turns, and winds;  
You that can Love explore, and truth impart,  
Where both lye deepest hid in Womans heart,  
Arise-----

*The Ghosts of Traxalla and Acacis arise,  
they stand still and point at Montez.*

High Pr. I did not for these Ghastly Visions send,  
Their sudden coming does some ill portend:  
Begon,-----begon,-----they will not dis-appear,  
My Soul is seiz'd with an unusual fear.

Mont. Point on, point on, and see whom you can fright,  
Shame and Confusion seize these shades of night;  
Ye thin and empty forms am I your sport?  
If you were flesh-----

*They smile.*

You know you durst not use me in this sort.

*The Ghost of the Indian Queen rises betwixt  
the Ghosts with a Dagger in her Breast.*

Mont. Ha!

I feel

I feel my Hair grow stiff, my Eye-balls rowl,  
This is the only form could shake my Soul.

*Ghost.* The hopes of thy *successless* Love resign,  
Know Montezuma, thou art only mine;  
For those who here on Earth their passion show,  
By death for Love, receive their right below.  
Why dost thou then delay my longing Arms?  
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life such Charms!  
The Moon grows sickly at the sight of day,  
And early Cocks have summon'd me away:  
Yet I'll appoint a meeting place below,  
For there fierce winds o're duskie Vallies blow,  
Whose every puff bears empty shades away,  
Which guideless in those dark Dominions stray.  
Just at the entrance of the Fields below,  
Thou shalt behold a tall black Poplar grow  
Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend,  
And seize thy Spirit when thou dost descend.

*Descends.*

*Mont.* I'll seize thee there, thou Messenger of Fate:  
Would my short Life had yet a shorter date!  
I'm weary of this flesh which holds us here,  
And dastards manly Souls with hope and fear;  
These heats and colds still in our breasts make War,  
Agues and Feavers all our passions are.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Cydaria and Alibech, Betwixt the two Armies.*

*Alib.* Blessings will Crown your Name if you prevent  
That Blood, which in this Battel will be spent;  
Nor need you fear so just a sute to move,  
Which both becomes your duty and your Love.

*Cyd.* But think you he will come? their Camp is near,  
And he already knows I wait him here.

*Alib.* You are too young your power to understand,  
Lovers take wing upon the least command;  
Already he is here.

*Enter Cortez and Vasquez to them.*

D

*Cort.*



*Cort.* Methinks like two black storms on either hand,  
Our *Spanish* Army and your *Indians* stand;  
This only space betwixt the Clouds is clear,  
Where you, like day, broke loose from both appear.

*Cyd.* Those closing Skies might still continue bright,  
But who can help it if you'll make it night?  
The Gods have given you power of Life and Death,  
Like them to save or ruine with a breath.

*Cort.* That power they to your Father did dispose,  
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.

*Alib.* Injurious strength would rapine still excuse,  
By offering terms the weaker must refuse;  
And such as these your hard conditions are,  
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

*Cort.* If for my self to Conquer here I came,  
You might perhaps my actions justly blame:  
Now I am sent, and am not to dispute  
My Princes orders, but to execute.

*Alib.* He who his Prince so blindly does obey,  
To keep his Faith his Vertue throws away.

*Cort.* Monarchs may erre, but should each private brest  
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best.

*Cyd.* Then all your care is for your Prince I see,  
Your truth to him out-weighs your love to me;  
You may so cruel to deny me prove,  
But never after that, pretend to Love.

*Cort.* Command my Life, and I will soon obey,  
To save my Honour I my Blood will pay.

*Cyd.* What is this Honour which does Love controul?

*Cort.* A raging fit of Vertue in the Soul;  
A painful burden which great minds must bear,  
Obtain'd with danger, and possess'd with fear.

*Cyd.* Lay down that burden if it painful grow,  
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.

*Cort.* Honour once lost is never to be found.

*Alib.* Perhaps he looks to have both passions crown'd:  
First dye his Honour in a Purple Flood,  
Then Court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* The edge of War I'll from the Battel take,  
And spare her Father's Subjects for her sake.

*Cyd.* I cannot love you less when I'm refus'd,  
But I can dye to be unkindly us'd ;  
Where shall a Maids distracted heart find rest,  
If she can miss it in her Lovers brest ?

*Cort.* I till to morrow will the fight delay,  
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.

*Alib.* This grant destroys all you have urg'd before,  
Honour could not give this, or can give more ;  
Our Women in the foremost ranks appear,  
March to the Fight, and meet your Mistress there :  
Into the thickest Squadrons she must run,  
Kill her, and see what Honour will be won.

*Cyd.* I must be in the Battel, but I'll go  
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow ;  
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal strife,  
For fear its point should reach your Noble life. [Enter Pizarro.

*Cort.* No more, your kindness wounds me to the death,  
Honour be gone, what art thou but a breath ?  
Pledge, proud of my infamy and shame,  
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lovers name ;  
Men can but say Love did his reason blind,  
And Love's the noblest frailty of the mind.  
Draw off my Men, the War's already done.

*Piz.* Your orders come too late, the Fight's begun,  
The Enemy gives on with fury led,  
And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their head.

*Cort.* He justly fears a Peace with me would prove  
Of ill concernment to his haughty Love ;  
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet  
New Honour, but to lay it at your feet.

*Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro.*

*Enter Odmar and Guyomar to Alibech and Cydaria.*

*Odm.* Now, Madam, since a danger does appear  
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,



Give leave to him who may in Battel dye,  
Before his Death to ask his destiny.

*Guy.* He cannot Dye whom you command to Live,  
Before the Fight you can the Conquest give;  
Speak where you'l place it?

*Alib.*-----Briefly then to both,  
One I in secret Love, the other loath;  
But where I hate, my hate I will not show,  
And he I Love, my Love shall never know;  
True worth shall gain me, that it may be sed,  
Desert, not fancy, once a Woman led.  
He who in fight his courage shall oppose  
With most success against his Countries Foes,  
From me shall all that recompence receive  
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:  
'Tis true my hopes and fears are all for one,  
But hopes and fears are to my self alone,  
Let him not shun the danger of the strife,  
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

*odm.* All obstacles my Courage shall remove.

*Guy.* Fall on, fall on.

*odm.*-----For Liberty,

*Guy.*-----For Love. *Exeunt, the Women following.*

S C E N E *Changes to the Indian Country.*

*Enter Montezuma attended by the Indians.*

*Mont.* Charge, charge, their ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,  
Bold in close Ambush, base in open Field:  
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:  
Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I when I was young. *Exit.*

*Alarm, Enter Cortez Bloody,*

*Cort.* Furies pursue these false *Taxallans* Flight;  
Dare they be Friends to us and dare not Fight?  
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear  
Of help from such, who where they hate show fear!

*Enter Pizarro, Vasquez.*

*Piz.* The Field grows thin, and those that now remain,  
Appear but like the shadows of the Slain. *Vasq.*

*Vasq.* The fierce old King is vanish'd from the place,  
And in a cloud of dust pursues the Chase.

*Cort.* Their eager Chase disorder'd does appear,  
Command our Horse to charge them in the rear ;  
You to our old *Castilian* Foot retire,  
Who yet stand firm, and at their backs give Fire.

{ To Piz.  
{ To Vasq.

*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Odmar and Guyomar meeting each other in the Battel.*

*Odm.* Where hast thou been since first the Fight began,  
Thou less then Woman in the shape of Man?

*Guy.* Where I have done what may thy Envy move,  
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.

*Odm.* Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I slew,  
And left it sticking ere my Sword I drew.

*Guy.* I fought not Honour on so base a Train,  
Such Cowards by our Women may be Slain ;  
I fell'd along a Man of Bearded face,  
His Limbs all cover'd with a Shining case :  
So wondrous hard, and so secure of wound,  
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.

*Odm.* I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay  
Upon the ground, the other ran away.

*Guns go off within.*

*Enter Montezuma out of breath, with him Alibech  
and an Indian.*

*Mont.* All's lost-----

Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder Fight;  
My Men in vain shun death by shameful Flight ;  
For deaths Invisible come wing'd with Fire,  
They hear a dreadful noise and straight expire.  
Take, gods, that Soul ye did in spight create,  
And made it great to be unfortunate :  
Ill Fate for me unjustly you provide,  
Great Souls are Sparks of your own Heavenly Pride :  
That lust of power we from your god-heads have,  
You'r bound to please those Appetites you gave.

*Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with Spaniards.*

*Vasq.* *Pizarro*, I have hunted hard to day,  
Into our toyls the noblest of the prey ;

Seize



Seize on the King, and him your Prisoner make,  
While I in kind revenge, my taker take.

*Pizarro with two goes to attack the King, Vasquez  
with another to seize Alibech.*

*Guy.* Their danger is alike, whom shall I free?

*Odm.* I'll follow Love.

*Guy.*-----I'll follow Piety.

*Odmar retreats from Vasquez with Alibech off the  
Stage, Guyomar Fights for his Father.*

*Guy.* Fly, Sir, while I give back that life you gave,  
Mine is well-lost, if I your life can save.

*Montezuma Fights off, Guyomar making his  
retreat, stays.*

*Guy.* 'Tis more than Man can do to scape them all,  
Stay, let me see where noblest I may fall.

*He runs at Vasquez, is seized behind and taken.*

*Vasq.* Conduct him off,  
And give command he strictly guarded be.

*Guy.* In vain are guards, Death sets the Valiant free.

*Exit Guyomar with Guards.*

*Vasq.* A Glorious day! and bravely was it Fought,  
Great fame our General in great dangers fought;  
From his strong Arm I saw his Rival run,  
And in a crowd, th' unequal Combat shun.

*Enter Cortez leading Cydaria, who seems crying,  
and begging of him.*

*Cort.* Mans force is fruitless, and your gods would fail  
To save the City, but your Tears prevail;  
Ile of my Fortune no advantage make,  
Those Terms they had once giv'n, they still may take.

*Cyd.* Heaven has of right all Victory design'd,  
Where boundless power dwells in a will confin'd;  
Your *Spanish* Honour does the World excel.

*Cort.* Our greatest Honour is in loving well.

*Cyd.* Strange ways you practise there to win a Heart,  
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

*Cort.* Love is with us, as Natural as here,  
But settler'd up with customs more severe;

Intedious Courtship we declare our pain,  
And ere we kindness find, first meer disdain.

*Cyd.* If Women love they needless pains endure,  
Their Pride and Folly, but delay their Cure.

*Cort.* What you mis-call their Folly, is their care,  
They know how fickle common Lovers are :  
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiously believ'd,  
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.

*Cyd.* But if they are not trusted when they vow,  
What other marks of passion can they show ?

*Cort.* With Feasts, and Musick, all that brings delight,  
Men treat their Ears, their Palates; and their Sight.

*Cyd.* Your Gallants sure have little Eloquence,  
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence :  
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they Woe,  
When true Felicity is but in two ;

But can such Toyes your Womens passion move ?  
This is but noise and tumult, 'tis not Love.

*Cort.* I have no reason, Madam, to excuse  
Those ways of Gallantry I did not use ;  
My Love was true and on a Nobler score.

*Cyd.* Your Love ! Alas ! then have you lov'd before !

*Cort.* 'Tis true I lov'd, but she is Dead, she's Dead,  
And I should think with her all Beauty Fled,  
Did not her fair resemblance live in you,  
And by that Image, my first Flames renew.

*Cyd.* Ah happy Beauty whosoe'er thou art !  
Though dead thou keep'st possession of his Heart ;  
Thou mak'st me jealous to the last degree,  
And art my Rival in his Memory ;  
Within his Memory, ah, more then so,  
Thou Liv'st and Triumph'st ore *Cydaria* too.

*Cort.* What strange disquiet has uncalm'd your brest,  
Inhumane fair, ro rob the dead of rest !  
Poor Heart ! She slumbers in her silent Tomb,  
Let her possess in Peace that narrow Room.

*Cyd.*



*Cyd.* Poor heart he pities and bewails her death,  
Some god, much hated soul, restore thy breath  
That I may kill thee, but some ease 'twill be,  
I'll kill my self for but resembling thee.

*Cort.* I dread your anger, your disquiet fear,  
But blows from hands so soft who would not bear?  
So kind a passion why should I remove?  
Since jealousy but shows how well we Love.  
Yet jealousy so strange I never knew,  
Can she who Loves me not disquiet you?  
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Brest,  
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at rest.

*Cyd.* That she no longer Loves brings no relief,  
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my grief.

*Cort.* The object of desire once tane away,  
'Tis then not Love, but pity which we pay.

*Cyd.* 'Tis such a pity I should never have,  
When I must lye forgotten in the Grave;  
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,  
That after me you should Love none beside,  
But you are false already.

*Cort.* ----- If untrue,  
By Heaven my falsehood is to her, not you.

*Cyd.* Observe sweet Heaven, how falsely he does swear,  
You said you Lov'd me for resembling her.

*Cort.* That Love was in me by resemblance bred,  
But shows you chear'd my sorrows for the Dead.

*Cyd.* You still repeat the greatness of your grief.

*Cort.* If that was great, how great was the relief?

*Cyd.* The first Love still the strongest we account.

*Cort.* That seems more strong which could the first surmount:  
But if you still continue thus unkind,  
Whom I Love best, you by my Death shall find.

*Cyd.* If you should dye my death should yours pursue,  
But yet I am not satisfied you re true.

*Cort.* Hear me, ye gods, and punish him you hear,  
If ought within the World, I hold so dear.

*Cyd.* You would deceive the gods and me, she's dead,  
And is not in the World, whose Love I dread.

Name not the world, say nothing is so dear.

*Cort.* Then nothing is, let that secure your fear.

*Cyd.* 'Tis Time must wear it off, but I must go.

Can you your constancy in absence show?

*Cort.* Mis-doubt my constancy and do not try,

But stay and keep me ever in your eye.

*Cyd.* If as a Prisoner I were here, you might

Have then insisted on a Conqu'rous right,

And stay'd me here; but now my Love would be

Th'effect of force, and I would give it free.

*Cort.* To doubt your Vertue or your Love were sin;

Call for the Captive Prince and bring him in.

*Enter Guyomar bound and sad.*

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [To Guyomar.

Are *Spanish* Fetters then so hard to wear?

Fortune's unjust, she ruins oft the Brave,

And him who should be Victor, makes the Slave.

*Guy.* Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be

But Glorious for me, since put on by thee;

The ills of Love, not those of Fate I fear,

These I can brave, but those I cannot bear;

My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,

In freedom reaps the fruit of all my Pains.

*Cort.* Let it be never said, that he whose breast

Is fill'd with Love, should break a Lovers rest;

Haste, lose no time, your Sister sets you Free,

And tell the King, my Generous Enemy,

I offer still those terms he had before,

Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

*Guy.* Brother (that Name my breast shall ever own, { *He embra-*

The Name of Foe be but in Battels known; } *ces him.*

For some few days all Hostile Acts forbear,

That if the King consents, it seem not fear;

His Heart is Noble, and great Souls must be

Most fought and Court'd in Adversity.

Three days I hope the wisht success will tell.

*Cyd.* Till that long time.-----

*Cort.*-----Till that long time, farewell.

E

*Exeunt severally.*

ACT



## ACT III.

## SCENE, Chamber Royal.

*Enter Odmar and Alibech.*

*Odm.* **T**HE gods, fair *Alibech*, had so decreed,  
 Nor could my Valour against Fate succeed;  
 Yet though our Army brought not Conquest home,  
 I did not from the Fight inglorious come:  
 If as a Victor you the brave regard,  
 Successful Courage then may hope reward:  
 And I returning safe, may justly boast

To win the prize which my dead Brother lost. *{ Enter Guyomar  
 behind him.*

*Guy.* No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be  
 A Witness, both against himself and thee;  
 Though both in safety are return'd agen,  
 I blush to ask her Love for vanquish'd Men.

*Odm.* Brother, I'll not dispute, but you are brave,  
 Yet I was free, and you it seems a Slave.

*Guy.* *Odm.*, 'tis true, that I was Captiv'd  
 As publickly is known, as that you fled;  
 But of two shames if she must one partake,  
 I think the choice will not be hard to make.

*Odm.* Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,  
 Dar'st thou expect she will put on thy Chain?

*Guy.* No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,  
 My Brother is return'd with high Renown.  
 He thinks by Flight his Mistress must be won,  
 And claims the prize because he best did run.

*Alib.* Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wise,  
 But neither have o'come your Enemies:  
 My secret wishes would my choice decide,  
 But open Justice bends to neither side.

*Odm.* Justice already does my right approve,  
 If him who loves you most, you most should love.

My

My Brother poorly from your aid withdrew,  
But I my Father left to succour you.

*Guy.* Her Country she did to her self prefer,  
Him who Fought best, not who Defended her;  
Since she her interest for the Nations wav'd,  
Then I who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;  
You aiding her, your Country did betray,  
I aiding him, did her commands obey.

*Odm.* Name it no more, in Love, there is a time  
When dull Obedience is the greatest Crime;  
She to her Countries use resign'd your Sword,  
And you kind Lover, took her at her word;  
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,  
Seek your reward from Duty, not from her.

*Guy.* Inacting what my Duty did require,  
'Twas hard for me to quit my own desire,  
That Fought for her, which when I did subdue,  
'Twas much the easier task I left for you.

*Alib.* *Odm.* a more then common Love has shown;  
And *Guyomar's* was greater, or was none;  
Which I should chuse some god direct my brest,  
The certain good, or the uncertain best:  
I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain,  
Time and your future Acts must make it plain;  
First raise the Siege, and set your Country free,  
I not the Judge, but the reward will be.

*To them, Enter Montezuma talking with Almeria  
and Orbellan.*

*Mont.* Madam, I think with reason I extol  
The Vertue of the *Spanish* General;  
When all the gods our Ruine have fore-told,  
Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,  
And offering Peace, the first conditions make.

*Alm.* When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;  
For one poor loss to stoop to terms like those,  
Were we o'come what could they worse impose?  
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,  
Go lye like Dogs, beneath your Masters Feet.



Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,  
And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines ;  
Your shameful story shall record of me,  
The men all crouch'd, and left a woman free.

*Guy.* Had I not Fought, or durst not Fight again,  
I my suspected Counsel should refrain :  
For I wish Peace, and any terms prefer  
Before the last extremities of War.

We but exasperate those we cannot harm,  
And Fighting gains us but to dye more warm :  
If that be Cowardise, which dares not see  
The insolent effects of Victory,  
The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries ;  
Then I am fearful, let the Brave advise.

*Odin.* Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,  
Have prosperously begun a doubtful War :  
But now our Foes with less advantage Fight,  
Their strength decreases with our *Indians* Fight.

*Mont.* This Noble Vote does with my wish comply,  
I am for War.

*Alm.*-----And so am I.

*Orb.*-----And I.

*Mont.* Then send to break the truce, and I'll take care  
To cheer the Souldiers, and for Fight prepare.

*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

*Alm. to Orb.* 'Tis now the hour which all to rest allow, [*Almeria*  
And sleep sits heavy upon every brow ; [*stays* Orbellan.  
In this dark silence softly leave the Town, { *Guoymar returns*  
And to the Generals Tent, 'tis quickly known, { *and hears them.*

Direct your steps : you may dispatch him strait,  
Drown'd in his sleep, and easie for his Fate :  
Besides, the truce will make the Guards more slack.

*Orb.* Courage which leads me on, will bring me back :  
But I more fear the baseness of the thing:  
Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual sting.

*Alm.* For mean remorse no room the Valiant finds,  
Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds ;  
For want of judgment, keeps them doubtful still,  
They may repent of good who can of ill ;

But

But daring Courage makes ill actions good;  
'Tis foolish pity spares a Rivals blood;  
You shall about it straight.-----

*Exeunt Almeria, Orbellan.*

*Guy.*-----Would they betray  
His sleeping Vertue, by so mean a way!  
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,  
I wish him dead-----but cannot wish it so;  
Either my Country never must be freed,  
Or I consenting to so black a deed.  
Would Chance had never led my steps this way,  
Now if he dyes I murder him, not they;  
Something must be resolv'd e're 'tis too late,  
He gave me freedom, I'll prevent his Fate.

*Exit Guyomar.*

## SCENE II. *A Camp.*

*Enter Cortez alone in a Night-gown.*

*Cort.* All things are hush'd, as Natures self lay dead,  
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie head;  
The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,  
And sleeping Flowers, beneath the night-dew sweat;  
Evn Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies  
Rest to my Soul, and slumber to my Eyes.  
Three days I promis'd to attend my Doom,  
And two long days and nights are yet to come:  
'Tis sure the noise of some Tumultuous Fight,  
They break the truce, and fall out by Night.

*Noise within.*

*Enter Orbellan flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*

*Orb.* Betray'd! pursu'd! Oh whither shall I fly?  
See, see, the just reward of Treachery;  
I'm sure among the Tents, but know not where,  
Even night wants darkness to secure my fear.

*Comes near Cortez who hears him.*

*Cort.* Stand, who goes there?

*Orb.*-----Alas, what shall I say!  
A poor *Taxallan* that mistook his way,  
And wanders in the terrours of the night.

*Aside.*  
*To him.*

*Cort.*



*Cort.* Souldier thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy fright?

*Orb.* The insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,  
Who in the dark pursu'd me entring here.

*Cort.* Their Crimes shall meet immediate punishment,  
But stay thou safe within the Generals Tent.

*Orb.* Still worse and worse.

*Cort.*-----Fear not but follow me,  
Upon my Life I'll set thee safe and free.

*Cortez leads him in, and returns.*

*To him Vasquez, Pizarro and Spaniards with Torches.*

*Vasq.* O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend  
That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend  
This night to kill you sleeping in your Tent,  
But *Guyomar*, his trusty Slave has sent,  
Who following close his silent steps by night  
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,  
Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murderer :  
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,  
But far he is not, for he this way bent.

*Piz.* Th'iraged Souldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,  
With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,  
With bloody Vows his hated life pursue.

*Vasq.* This Messenger does since he came relate,  
That the old King, after a long debate ;  
By his imperious Mistress blindly led,  
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan's* Bed.

*Cort.* *Vasquez*, the trusty Slave with you retain,  
Retire a while, I'll call you back again. [*Exeunt Vasquez, Pizarro.*]

*Cortez at his Tent door.*

*Cort.* *Indian* come forth, your Enemies are gone,  
And I who sav'd you from them, here alone ;  
You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,  
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid ?

*Enter Orbellan holding his Face aside.*

*Orb.* Moon slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise  
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,  
To shrowd my shame.

*Cort.*

*Cort.*-----In vain you turn aside,  
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;  
I know my Rival and his black design.

*Orb.* Forgive it as my passions fault, not mine.

*Cort.* In your excuse your Love does little say,  
You might how e're have took a fairer way.

*Orb.* 'Tis true my passion small defence can make,  
Yet you must spare me for your Honours sake;  
That was engag'd to set me safe and free.

*Cort.* 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:  
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy breath,  
When all my hopes depend upon thy death-----  
-----Yet none shall tax me with base perjury,  
Something I'll do, both for my self and thee;  
With vow'd revenge my Souldiers search each Tent,  
If thou art seen none can thy death prevent;  
Follow my steps with silence and with haste.

*They go out, the Scene changes to the Indian  
Country, they return.*

*Cort.* Now you are safe, you have my out-guards past.

*Orb.* Then here I take my leave.

*Cort.*-----*Orbellan*, no,  
When you return you to *Cydaria* go,  
I'll send a Message.

*Orb.*-----Let it be exprest,  
I am in haste.

*Cort.*-----I'll write it in your Brest-----*Draws.*

*Orb.* What means my Rival?

*Cort.*-----Either Fight or Dye,  
I'll not strain Honour to a point too high;  
I sav'd your Life, now keep it if you can,  
*Cydaria* shall be for the bravest Man;  
On equal terms you shall your Fortune try,  
Take this and lay your flint-edg'd weapon by;  
I'll arm you for my Glory, and pursue  
No Palm, but what's to manly Vertue due.  
Fame with my Conquest, shall my Courage tell,  
This you shall gain by placing Love so well.

*{ Gives him a  
Sword.*

*Orb.*



*Orb.* Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.

*Cort.* Under that shadow thou wouldst hide thy fear:  
Thou wouldst possess thy Love at thy return,  
And in her Arms my easie Vertue scorn.

*Orb.* Since we must Fight, no longer let's delay,  
The Moon shines clear, and makes a paler day.

*They Fight, Orbellan is wounded in the Hand,  
his Sword falls out of it.*

*Cort.* To Courage, even of Foes, there's pity due,  
It was not I, but Fortune vanquish'd you; { *Throws his*  
Thank me with that, and so dispute the prize, { *Sword again.*  
As if you Fought before *Cydarias* eyes.

*Orb.* I would not poorly such a gift requite,  
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but Fight;  
But see where yours has forc'd its bloody way, { *He strives to hold*  
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey. { *it, but cannot.*

*Cort.* Unlucky Honour that controul'st my will!  
Why have I vanquish'd, since I must not Kill?

Fate sees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glas,  
And looks it through, but to it cannot pass.

*Orb.* All I can do is frankly to confess,  
I wish I could, but cannot love her less;  
To swear I would resign her were but vain,  
Love would recall that perjur'd breath again;  
And in my wretched case 'twill be more just  
Not to have promis'd, then deceive your trust.  
Know, if I live once more to see the Town,  
In bright *Cydaria's* Arms my Love I'll crown.

*Cort.* In spite of that I give thee Liberty,  
And with thy person leave thy Honour free;  
But to thy wishes move a speedy pace,  
Or Death will soon o'ertake thee in the Chace.  
To Arms, to Arms, Fate shows my Love the way,  
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial day. *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE III: *Mexico.**Enter Montezuma, Odmr, Guyomar, Almeria.*

*Mont.* It moves my wonder that in two days space,  
This early Famine spreads so swift a pace.

*Odm.* 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor seems it strange,  
The face of plenty should so swiftly change;  
This City never felt a Siege before,  
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily store,  
Which now shut up, and Millions crowded here,  
Famine will soon in multitudes appear.

*Mont.* The more the number still the greater shame.

*Alm.* What if some one should seek immortal Fame  
By ending of the Siege at one brave blow?

*Mont.* That were too happy!

*Alm.* ——— yet it may be so,  
What if the *Spanish* General should be slain?

*Guy.* Just Heaven I hope does other-ways ordain.

*Mont.* If slain by Treason I lament his death.

*Enter Orbellan and whispers his Sister.*

*Odm.* Orbellan seems in haste and out of breath.

*Mont.* Orbellan welcome, you are early here,  
A Bridegrooms haste does in your looks appear.

*Almeria Aside to her Brother.*

*Alm.* Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardise, and Fear,  
He had not 'scap'd with Life had I been there;  
But since so ill you act a brave design,  
Keep close your shame, Fate make the next turn mine.

*Enter Alibech, Cydaria.*

*Alib.* O Sir, if ever pity touch'd your breast,  
Let it be now to your own blood exprest:  
In tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her sight,  
Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.

*Cyd.* To your commands I strict obedience owe,  
And my last Act of it I come to show;  
I want the Heart to dye before your Eyes,  
But Grief will finish that which Fear denies.



*Alm.* Your will should by your Fathers precept move.

*Cyd.* When he was young he taught me truth in Love.

*Alm.* He found more Love then he deserv'd, tis true,  
And that it seems, is lucky too to you;  
Your Fathers Folly took a head-strong course,  
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by force.

*Enter Messenger.*

Arm, Arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,  
A sharp assault already is begun;  
Their Murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.

*Od.* Now Rival, let us run where Honour calls.

*Guy.* I have discharg'd what gratitude did owe,  
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Exeunt Odmar and*

*Mont.* Our walls are high, and multitudes defend: [*Guyomar.*  
Their vain attempt must in their ruine end;

The Nuptials with my presence shall be grac'd.

*Alib.* At least but stay 'till the assault be past.

*Alm.* Sister, in vain you urge him to delay,  
The King has promis'd, and he shall obey.

*Enter Second Messenger.*

From several parts the Enemy's repel'd,  
One only quarter, to th' assault does yield.

*Enter Third Messenger.*

Some Foes are enter'd, but they are so few  
They only Death, not Victory pursue.

*Orb.* Hark, hark, they shout!

From Vertues rules I do, too meanly swerve:  
I by my Courage will your Love deserve.

*Mont.* Here in the heart of all the Town I'll stay:  
And timely succour where it wants, convey.

*A Noise within. Enter Orbellan, Indians driven in, Cortez*  
*after them, and one or two Spaniards.*

*Cort.* He's found, he's found, degenerate Coward, stay:  
Night sav'd thee once, thou shalt not scape by day. [*Kills Orbellan.*

*Orb.* ——— O I am Kill'd ——— *Dies.*

*Enter Guyomar and Odmar.*

*Guy.* Yield Generous Stranger and preserve your life,  
Why chuse you death in this unequal strife?

*He is*  
*beset.*  
*Almeria*

*Almeria and Alibech fall on Orbellans body.*

*Cort.* What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,  
I fall reveng'd, and at my Mistress feet?

*They fall on him and bear him down, Guyomar  
takes his Sword.*

*Alib.* He's past recovery; my Dear Brother's slain:  
Fates hand was in it, and my care is vain.

*Alm.* In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath:  
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,  
Dispatch the Villain strait.

*Cort.* ——— The Villains Dead.

*Alm.* Give me a Sword and let me take his Head.

*Mont.* Though, Madam, for your Brothers loss I grieve,  
Yet let me beg, ———

*Alm.* ——— His Murderer may Live?

*Cyd.* 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.

*Cort.* It was my purpose, and I kill'd him fair;  
How could you so unjust and cruel prove  
To call that Chance which was the act of Love?

*Cyd.* I call'd it any thing to save your Life:  
Would he were living still, and I his Wife;  
That wish was once, my greatest misery:  
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.

*Alm.* Either command his Death upon the place,  
Or never more behold *Almeria's* face.

*Guy.* You by his Valour, once from Death were freed:  
Can you forget so Generous a deed? [To Montezuma,

*Mont.* How Gratitude and Love divide my brest!  
Both ways alike my Soul is rob'd of rest.  
But----let him Dye-----can I his Sentence give?  
Ungrateful, must he Dye by whom I Live?  
But can I then *Almeria's* Tears deny!  
Should any Live whom she commands to Dye?

*Guy.* Approach who dares: he yielded on my word;  
And as my Pris'ner, I restore his Sword; [Gives his Sword.  
His Life concerns the safety of the State,  
And I'll preserve it for a calm debate.



*Mont.* Dar'st thou Rebel false and degenerate Boy?  
That being which I gave, I thus destroy.

*Offers to kill him, Odmar steps between.*

*Odm.* My Brothers blood I cannot see you spill,  
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:  
He is my Rival, but his Death would be  
For him too glorious, and too base for me.

*Guy.* Thou shalt not Conquer in this noble strife:  
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:  
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breast more true:  
'Tis the last Wound I e're can take for you.  
You see I Live but to dispute your will;  
Kill me, and then you may my Pris'ner kill:

*Cort.* You shall not, Gen'rous Youths, contend for me:  
It is enough that I your Honour see,  
But that your Duty may no blemish take,  
I will my self your Father's Captive make:  
When he dares strike I am prepar'd to fall:  
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General.

*{ Gives his Sword  
to Montezuma.*

*Cyd.* Ah you too hastily, your Life resign,  
You more would Love it if you valued mine!

*Cort.* Dispatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,  
I shall grow tender else, and wish to Live;  
Such an infectious Face her sorrow wears,  
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria's* Tears.

*Alm.* Make haste, make haste, they merit Death all three:  
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.  
See, see, my Brother's Ghost hangs hovering there,  
O're his warm Blood, that steems into the Air,  
Revenge, Revenge it cries.

*Mont.* ----- And it shall have;  
But two days respite for his Life I crave:  
If in that space you not more gentle prove,  
I'll give a Fatal proof how well I Love.  
'Till when you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;  
Bestow him in the Castle on the Lake:  
In that small time, I shall the Conquest gain.  
Of these few Sparks of Virtue, which remain:

Then

Then all who shall my head-long passion see,  
Shall curse my Crimes, and yet shall pity me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE A Prison.

*Enter Almeria and an Indian, they speak entring.*

*Ind.* A Dangerous proof of my respect I show.  
*Alm.* Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* shall never know :  
While he is absent let us not delay ;  
Remember 'tis the King thou dost obey.

*Ind.* See where he sleeps.

[*Cortez appears Chain'd and laid asleep.*]

*Alm.* ——— Without my coming wait :  
And on thy Life secure the Prison Gate.---- [Exit Indian.

[*She plucks out a Dagger and approaches him.*]

*Spaniard awake :* thy Fatal hour is come :  
Thou shalt not at such ease receive thy Doom.  
Revenge is sure, though sometimes slowly pac'd,  
Awake, awake, or sleeping sleep thy last.

*Cort.* Who names Revenge ?

*Alm.*----Look up and thou shalt see.

*Cort.* I cannot fear so fair an Enemy.

*Alm.* No aid is nigh, nor canst thou make defence :

Whence can thy Courage come ?

*Cort.*——— From Innocence.

*Alm.* From Innocence ? let that then take thy part,  
Still are thy looks assur'd,----have at thy Heart :

[*Holds up the Dagger.*]

I cannot kill thee ; sure thou bear'st some Charm, [Goes back.  
Or some Divinity holds back my Arm.

Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed, [Aside.

Can I want Courage for so brave a Deed ?

I've shook it off ; my Soul is free from fear, [Comes again.

And I can now strike any where,----but here :

His



His scorn of Death how strangely does it move!  
 A mind so haughty who could chuse but love!  
 Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,  
 Alas, it is thy heart that holds thy hand:  
 In spite of me I love, and see too late  
 My Mothers Pride must find my Mothers Fate:  
 ---- Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,  
 For shame, *Almeria*, such mad thoughts forbear:  
 It w'onnot be if I once more come on, [coming on again.  
 I shall mistake the Breast, and pierce my own.

[Comes with her Dagger down.

*Cort.* Does your revenge maliciously forbear  
 To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by fear?  
 If you delay for that, forbear or strike,  
 Fore-seen and sudden death are both alike.

*Alm.* To show my love would but increase his Pride:  
 They have most power who most their passions hide. [Aside.  
*Spaniard*, I must confess I did expect  
 You could not meet your death with such neglect;  
 I will defer it now, and give you time:  
 You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.

*Cort.* Those who repent acknowledge they did ill:  
 I did not unprovok'd your Brother Kill.

*Alm.* Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

*Cort.* Who begs his Life does not deserve to live.

*Alm.* But if 'tis given you'll not refuse to take?

*Cort.* I can live gladly for *Cydaria's* sake.

*Alm.* Does she so wholly then possess your mind?  
 What if you should another Lady find,  
 Equal to her in birth, and far above  
 In all that can attract, or keep your Love,  
 Would you so doat upon your first desire  
 As not to entertain a Nobler Fire?

*Cort.* I think that person hardly will be found,  
 With gracious form and equal Vertue Crown'd:  
 Yet if another could precedence claim,  
 My fixt desires could find no fairer Aim.

*Alm.*

*Alm.* Dull ignorance, he cannot yet conceive :

To speak more plain shame will not give me leave.

----Suppose one lov'd you whom even Kings adore :

Who with your Life, your Freedom would restore,

And adde to that the Crown of *Mexico* :

Would you for her, *Cydaria's* love fore-go ?

*Cort.* Though she could offer all you can invent,  
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.

*Alm.* A burning blush has cover'd all my face ;

Why am I forc'd to publish my disgrace ?

What if I love, you know it cannot be,

And yet I blush to put the case 'twere me.

If I could love you, with a flame so true

I could forget what hand my Brother slew ?----

---Make out the rest, ---I am disorder'd so

I know not farther what to say or do :

----But answer me to what you think I meant.

*Cort.* Reason or Wit no answer can invent :

Of words confus'd who can the meaning find ?

*Alm.* Disorder'd words show a distemper'd mind.

*Cort.* She has oblig'd me so, that could I chuse,

I would not answer what I must refuse.

*Alm.* ---His mind is shook ;---suppose I lov'd you, speak,

Would you for me *Cydaria's* Fetters break ?

*Cort.* Things meant in Jest, no serious answer need.

*Alm.* But put the case that it were so indeed.

*Cort.* If it were so, which but to think were Pride,

My constant Love would dangerously be try'd :

For since you could a Brothers death forgive,

He whom you save for you alone should live :

But I the most unhappy of mankind,

E're I knew yours, have all my love resign'd :

'Tis my own loss I grieve, who have no more ;

You go a begging to a Bankrupts door.

Yet could I change, as sure I never can,

How could you love so infamous a Man ?

For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,

Would leave no ground I ever could be true.

[*Aside.*

To him,

[*Aside.*

*Alm.*



*Alm.* You construed me aright,---I was in Jest:  
And by that offer meant to sound your breast;  
Which since I find so constant to your love,  
Will much my value of your worth improve.  
*Spaniard* assure your self you shall not be  
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:

'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this sort,  
And to refuse my offers, though in sport.

*Exit Almeria.*

*Cort.* In what a strange Condition am I left,  
More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!  
In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;  
For even our wish is, in possession lost:  
Restless we wander to a new desire,  
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:  
We tosse and turn about our Feaverish will,  
When all our ease must come by lying still:  
For all the happiness Mankind can gain  
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

*Cort. solus.*

*Goes in and the Scene closes upon him.*

## SCENE II. Chamber Royal.

*Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.*

*Mont.* My Ears are deaf with this impatient crowd.

*Odm.* Their wants are now grown Mutinous and loud:  
The General's taken, but the Siege remains;  
And their last food our dying Men sustains.

*Guy.* One means is only left, I to this hour,  
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria's* power:  
And though by your command she often sent  
To urge his doom, do still his death prevent.

*Mont.* That hope is past: him I have oft assay'd,  
But neither threats nor kindness have prevail'd;  
Hiding our wants, I offer'd to release  
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:  
He fiercely answer'd I had now no way  
But to submit, and without terms obey:

*I told*

I told him, he in Chains demanded more  
 Then he impos'd in Victory before :  
 He sullenly reply'd, he could not make  
 These offers now ; Honour must give, not take.

*Odin.* Twice have I sallyed, and was twice beat back :  
 What desprate course remains for us to take !

*Mont.* If either Death or Bondage I must choose,  
 I'll keep my Freedom, though my life I lose.

*Guy.* I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd  
 Those means, you might have then with Honour us'd :  
 I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory :  
 They know to Conquer best, who know to Dye.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar.]

*Alib.* Ah me, what have I heard ! stay *Guyomar*,  
 What hope you from this Sally you prepare ?

*Guy.* A death, with Honour for my Countries good:  
 A death, to which your self design'd my blood.

*Alib.* You heard, and I well know the Towns distress,  
 Which Sword and Famine both at once oppress :  
 Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Mans use,  
 Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous juice  
 Wild hunger seeks ; and to prolong our breath,  
 We greedily devour our certain death :  
 The Souldier in th'assault of Famine falls ;  
 And Ghosts not Men are watching on the walls.  
 As Callow Birds-----

Whose Mother's kill'd in seeking of the prey,  
 Cry in their Nest, and think her long away ;  
 And at each leaf that stirs, each blast of wind,  
 Gape for the Food which they must never find :  
 So cry the people in their misery.

*Guy.* And what relief can they expect from me ?

*Alib.* While *Montezuma* sleeps, call in the Foe :  
 The Captive General your design may know :  
 His Noble heart, to Honour ever true,  
 Knows how to spare as well as to subdue.

*Guy.* What I have heard I blush to hear : and grieve  
 Those words you spoke I must your words believe ;



I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,  
 To sell my Country, and my King enslave?  
 All I have done by one foul act deface,  
 And yield my right to you by turning base?  
 What more could *Odmar* wish that I should do  
 To lose your Love, then you perswade me to?  
 No, Madam, no, I never can commit  
 A deed so ill, nor can you suffer it:  
 'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find  
 Lodg'd in my Soul.

*Alib.* I plainly speak my Mind;  
 Dear as my Life my Vertue I'll preserve:  
 But Vertue you too scrupulously serve:  
 I lov'd not more then now my Countries good,  
 When for it's service I employ'd your Blood:  
 But things are alter'd, I am still the same,  
 By different ways still moving to one fame;  
 And by dis-arming you, I now do more  
 To save the Town, then arming you before.

*Guy.* Things good or ill by circumstances be,  
 In you 'tis Vertue, what is vice in me.

*Alib.* That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.

*Guy.* The good's uncertain, but the ill is sure.

*Alib.* When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,  
 Each private man for publick good should rise.

*Guy.* Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse:  
 Such reasons none but impious Rebels use:  
 Those who to Empire by dark paths aspire,  
 Still plead a call to what they most desire;  
 But Kings by free consent their Kingdoms take,  
 Strict as those Sacred Ties which Nuptials make;  
 And what e're faults in Princes time reveal,  
 None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

*Alib.* In all debates you plainly let me see  
 You love your Vertue best, but *Odmar* me:  
 Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:  
 I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;

With my Commands you shall no more be grac'd,  
Remember, Sir, this trial was your last.

*Guy.* The gods inspire you with a better mind;  
Make you more just, and make you then more kind:  
But though from Vertues rules I cannot part,  
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:  
'Tis hard with me what ever choice I make;  
I must not merit you, or must forsake:  
But in this straight, to Honour I'll be true,  
And leave my Fortune to the gods and you.

*Enter Messenger Privately.*

*Mess.* Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;  
From the Watch-Tower, above the Western Gate,  
I have discern'd the Foe securely lye,  
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:  
Their careless Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,  
The Bowers of Kings, to shade them from the Sun.

*Guy.* Upon thy life disclose thy news to none;  
I'll make the Conquest or the shame my own.

*[Exit Guyomar and Messenger.]*

*Enter Odmar.*

*Alib.* I read some welcome message in his Eye:  
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll see if he'll deny.

*Odmar.* I come to tell you pleasing News,  
I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuse.

*Odm.* The News both pleases me and grieves me too;  
For nothing, sure, should be deny'd to you:  
But he was blest who might commanded be;  
You never meant that happiness to me.

*Alib.* What he refus'd your kindness might bestow,  
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.

*Odm.* Could I but live till burdensome they prove,  
My Life would be immortal as my Love.  
Your wish, e're it receive a name I grant.

*Alib.* 'Tis to relieve your dying Countries want;  
All hopes of succour from your Arms is past,  
To save us now you must our Ruine haste;



Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,  
The Captive General's liberty restore.

*Odm.* You speak to try my Love, can you forgive  
So soon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?

*Alib.* *Orbellan*, though my Brother, did disgrace  
With treacherous Deeds, our Mighty Mothers Race;  
And to revenge his Blood, so justly spilt,  
What is it less then to partake his guilt?  
Though my Proud Sister to revenge incline,  
I to my Country's good, my own resign.

*Odm.* To save our Lives our Freedom I betray-----  
-----Yet since I promis'd it I will obey;  
I'll not my Shame nor your Commands dispute:  
You shall behold your Empire's absolute. [Exit *Odm.*

*Alib.* I should have thank'd him for his speedy grant;  
And yet I know not how, fit words I want:  
Sure I am grown distracted in my mind,  
That joy this grant should bring I cannot find:  
The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;  
And this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:  
The one, with grief, and slowly did refuse,  
The other, in his grant, much haste did use:  
-----He us'd too much-----and granting me so soon,  
He has the merit of the gift undone:  
Methought with wondrous ease, he swallow'd down  
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:  
My inward choice was *Guyomar* before,  
But now his Vertue has confirm'd me more-----  
-----I rave, I rave, for *Odm.* will obey,  
And then my promise must my choice betray.  
Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a toyl  
Thy self, to make thy Love thy Vertues spoyl. [Exit *Alibech.*

## SCENE III.

*A pleasant Grotto discover'd: in it a Fountain spouting; round about it Vasquez, Pizarro, and other Spaniards lying carelessly un-arm'd, and by them many Indian Women, one of which sings the following Song.*

## SONG.

*Ab fading joy, how quickly art thou past?  
   Yet we thy ruine haste:  
 As if the cares of Humane Life were few  
   We seek out new:  
 And follow Fate which would too fast pursue.*

*See how on every bough the Birds express  
   In their sweet notes their happiness,  
 They all enjoy, and nothing spare;  
 But on their Mother Nature lay their care:  
 Why then should Man, the Lord of all below  
   Such troubles chuse to know  
 As none of all his Subjects undergo?*

*Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall;  
 And with a Murmuring sound  
 Dash, dash, upon the ground,  
   To gentle slumbers call.*

*After the Song two Spaniards arise and dance a Saraband with Castanieta's: at the end of which, Guyomar and his Indians enter, and ere the Spaniards can recover their Swords, seize them.*

*Guy, Those whom you took without in Triumph bring,  
 But see these streight conducted to the King.  
 Piz. Vasquez, what now remains in these extremes?  
 Vasq. Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.*

*Pizarro.*



*Piz.* Since by our shameful conduct, we have lost  
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value most,  
I wish they would our Lives a period give :  
They live too long who Happiness out-live.

[Spaniards are led out.

1. *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your success is spread :  
The King comes marching in the Armies head.

*Enter* Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, *Discontented.*

*Mont.* Now all the gods reward and blest my Son : [ *Embracing.*  
Thou hast this day, thy Fathers Youth out-done.

*Alib.* Just Heaven all Happiness upon him shower,  
Till it confess it's will beyond it's power.

*Guy.* The Heavens are kind, the gods propitious be,  
I only doubt a Mortal Deity :

I neither Fought for Conquest, nor for Fame,  
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

*Alib.* I gave my Love to the most brave in War ;  
But that the King must Judge.

*Mont.* ——— 'Tis *Guyomar.*

[ *Souldiers shout, A Guyomar, &c.*

*Mont.* This day your Nuptials we will Celebrate ;  
But guard these haughty Captives till their Fate :

*Odmar,* this night to keep them be your care,  
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

*Alib.* Blot not your Conquest with your Cruelty.

*Mont.* Fate says we are not safe unless they Dye :  
The Spirit that fore-told this happy day,  
Bid me use Caution and avoid delay :

Posterity be juster to my Fame ;  
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man  
In his defence may justly do the same :

But private persons more than Monarchs can :

All weigh our Acts, and what e're seems unjust,  
Impute not to Necessity, but Lust.

[ *Exeunt* Montezuma, Guyomar, and Alibech.

*Odm.* Lost and undone ! he had my Fathers voice,  
And *Alibech* seem'd pleas'd with her new choice :  
Alas, it was not new ! too late I see,

Since

Since one she hated, that it must be me.----

——I feel a strange Temptation in my will  
To do an action, great at once and ill :  
Vertue ill treated, from my Soul is fled ;  
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led :  
Yet Conscience would against my rage rebel——  
——Conscience, the foolish pride of doing well !

Sink Empire, Father Perish, Brother Fall,  
Revenge does more than recompence you all.

——Conduct the Pris'ners in——

*Spaniards*, you see your own deplor'd Estate : { *Enter Vasquez.*  
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate ? { *Pizarro.*

*Vasq.* All that Despair, with Courage join'd can do.

*Odm.* An easie way to Victory I'll show :

When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,  
I'll give you Arms, Burn, Ravish, and Destroy ;  
For my one share one Beauty I design,  
Engage your Honours that she shall be mine.

*Piz.* I gladly Swear.

*Vasq.*———And I ; but I request  
That, in return, one who has touch'd my breast,  
Whose name I know not, may be given to me.

*Odm.* *Spaniard* 'tis just ; she's yours who e're she be.

*Vasq.* The night comes on : if Fortune blefs the bold  
I shall possess the Beauty.

*Piz.* I the Gold.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

#### SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

*Cortez discovered, bound : Almeria talking with him.*

*Alm.* I come not now your constancy to prove,  
You may believe me when I say I Love.

*Cort.* You have too well instructed me before,  
In your intentions to believe you more.

*Alm.* I'm justly plagu'd by this your unbelief,  
And am my self the cause of my own grief :

But



But to beg love, I cannot stoop so low;  
 It is enough that you my passion know:  
 'Tis in your choice; Love me, or love me not,  
 I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.

*[Lays bold on  
the Dagger.]*

*Cort.* You Menace me and Court me in a breath:  
 Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

*Alm.* Your hopes, without, are vanish'd into smoke:  
 Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

*Cort.* In vain you urge me with my miseries:  
 When Fortune falls high Courages can rise.  
 Now should I change my love, it would appear  
 Not the effect of gratitude, but fear.

*Alm.* I'll to the King, and make it my Request,  
 Or my Command that you may be releas'd;  
 And make you judge, when I have set you free,  
 Who best deserves your passion, I, or she.

*Cort.* You tempt my Faith so generous a way,  
 As without guilt might constancy betray:  
 But I'm so far from meriting esteem,  
 That if I judge, I must my self condemn;  
 Yet having given my worthless heart before,  
 What I must ne're possess I will adore;  
 Take my devotion then this humbler way;  
 Devotion is the love which Heaven we pay.

*[Kisses her hand.]*

*Enter Cydaria.*

*Cyd.* May I believe my Eyes! what do I see!  
 Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!  
 'Tis in my breast she sheaths her Dagger now.  
 False Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow?

*[To him.]*

*Cort.* What words, dear Saint, are these I hear you use?  
 What Faith, what Vows are those which you accuse?

*Cyd.* More cruel than the Tyger o're his spoil;  
 And falser than the Weeping Crocodile:  
 Can you adde Vanity to Guilt, and take  
 A Pride to hear the Conquests which you make?  
 Go publish your Renown, let it be said  
 You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* With what injustice is my Faith accus'd?  
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;  
And would again ten thousand times for you.

*Alm.* She'll have too great content to find him true;  
And therefore since his Love is not for me,  
I'll help to make my Rivals misery.

*Spaniard,* I never thought you false before: [Aside. Now do I  
To him.]  
Can you at once two Mistresses adore?

Keep the poor Soul no longer in suspense,  
Your change is such as does not need defence.

*Cort.* Riddles like these I cannot understand!

*Alm.* Why should you blush? she saw you kiss my hand.

*Cyd.* Fear not, I will, while your first Love's deny'd,  
Favour your shame, and turn my Eyes aside;  
My feeble hopes in her deserts are lost:  
I neither can such power nor beauty boast:  
I have no tie upon you to be true.  
But that which loos'd yours, my Love to you.

*Cort.* Could you have heard my words!

*Cyd.* ———— Alas, what needs  
To hear your words, when I beheld your deeds?

*Cort.* What shall I say! the Fate of Love is such,  
That still it sees too little or too much.  
That act of mine which does your passion move  
Was but a mark of my Respect, not Love.

*Alm.* Vex not your self excuses to prepare:  
For one you love not is not worth your care.

*Cort.* Cruel *Almeria* take that life you gave;  
Since you but worse destroy me, while you save.

*Cyd.* No, let me dye, and I'll my claim resign;  
For while I live, methinks you should be mine.

*Cort.* The Bloodiest Vengeance which she could pursue,  
Would be a trifle to my loss of you.

*Cyd.* Your change was wise: for had she been deny'd,  
A swift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:  
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,  
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.



*Cort.* Can you imagine I so mean could prove,  
To save my Life by changing of my Love?

*Cyd.* Since Death is that which Nat'rally we shun,  
You did no more then I, perhaps, had done.

*Cort.* Make me not doubt, Fair Soul, your constancy;  
You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.

*Alm.* You may believe him; you have seen it prov'd.

*Cort.* Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?  
What can thy ends, malicious Beauty, be:

Can he who kill'd thy Brother live for thee?

[A noise of Clashing of Swords.

*Vasq.* Yield Slaves or dye; our Swords shall force our way. [within.]

*Ind.* We cannot, though o're-pow'r'd, our trust betray. [within.]

*Cort.* 'Tis *Vasquez* voice, he brings me Liberty.

*Vasq.* In spite of Fate I'll set my General Free: [within.]  
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.

*Alm.* All hopes of safety and of love are gone:  
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,  
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie;  
Strikes and consumes ere scarce it does appear,  
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:  
Such is my state in this amazing wo;  
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:

—But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy  
That Love in Peace I labour'd to destroy?

*Cort.* Her looks grow black as a tempestuous wind;  
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her mind.

*Alm.* Rival, I must your jealousy remove,  
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.

*Cyd.* Now you are kind.

*Alm.* — He whom you love is true:  
But he shall never be posselt by you.

[Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.

*Cort.* Hold, hold, ah Barbarous Woman! flye, oh flye!

*Cyd.* Ah pity, pity, is no succour nigh!

*Cort.* Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,  
While I have Life I will your Life secure.

[*Cydaria* gets behind him.

*Alm.*

*Alm.* On him or thee light Vengeance any where.

*[She stabs and hurts him.]*  
 —What have I done? I see his blood appear.

*Cyd.* It streams, it streams from every Vital part:  
 Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

*Alm.* Ah! Cursed Woman, what was my design?  
 This Weapons point shall mix that blood with mine!  
*[Goes to stab her self, and being within his reach he snatches the Dagger.]*

*Cort.* Now neither Life nor Death are in your power.

*Alm.* Then fullenly I'll wait my Fatal hour.

*Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with drawn Swords.*

*Vasq.* He Lives, he Lives.

*Cort.* —Unfetter me with speed,

*Vasquez,* I see you troubled that I bleed:

But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

*Vasq.* You to a certain Victory are led;

Your Men all Arm'd, stand silently within:

I with your Freedom, did the work begin.

*Piz.* What Friends we have, and how we came so strong,

We'll softly tell you as we March along.

*Cort.* In this safe place let me secure your fear: *[To Cydaria.]*

No Clashing Swords, no Noise can enter here.

Amidst our Arms as quiet you shall be

As Halcyons Brooding on a Winter Sea.

*Cyd.* Leave me not here alone, and full of fright,

Amidst the Terrors of a Dreadful night:

You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,

I never durst in Darkness be alone:

I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet.----

*Cort.* You must not go where you may dangers meet.

Th'unruly Sword will no distinction make:

And Beauty will not there give wounds but take.

*Alm.* Then stay and take me with you; though to be

A Slave to wait upon your Victory.

My Heart unmov'd, can Noise and Horror bear:

Parting from you is all the Death I fear,



*Cort. Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free :  
You neither must stay here, nor go with me.

*Alm.* Then take my Life, that will my rest restore :  
'Tis all I ask for saving yours before.

*Cort.* That were a Barbarous return of Love:

*Alm.* Yet, leaving it, you more inhumane prove :  
In both extreems I some relief should find :  
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.

*Cort.* Life of my Soul do not my absence mourn :  
But cheer your Heart in hopes of my return. [To Cydaria.  
Your Noble Father's Life shall be my care ;  
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to spare.

*Cyd.* Fate makes you Deaf while I in vain implore,  
My Heart forbodes I ne're shall see you more :  
I have but one request, when I am Dead  
Let not my Rival to your Love succeed:

*Cort.* Fate will be kinder than your Fears fore-tell ;  
Farewel my Dear.

*Cyd.* ----- A long and last farewel :  
----- So eager to imploy the cruel Sword ;  
Can you not one, not one last look afford !

*Cort.* I melt to womanish Tears, and if I stay,  
I find my Love my Courage will betray ;  
Yon Tower will keep you safe, but be to kind  
To your own Life that none may entrance find.

*Cyd.* Then lead me there ----- [He leads her.  
For this one Minute of your Company,  
I go methinks, with some content to Dye.

[Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.  
*Alm.* Farewel, O too much Lov'd, since Lov'd in vain ! [Sola.

What Dismal Fortune does for me remain !  
Night and Despair my Fatal Foot-steps guide ;  
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [Exit.

[Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards return again.

*Cort.* All I hold dear, I trust to your defence ; [To Pizarro.  
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.

[Exeunt Cortez and Vasquez.

*Piz.* I'll venture that—  
The gods are good ; I'll leave her to their care,  
Steal from my Post, and in the Plunder share.

[*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Chamber Royal, an Indian Hamock discover'd in it.*

*Enter Odmar with Souldiers, Guyomar, Alibech, bound.*

*Odm.* Fate is more just then you to my desert,  
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.

*Guy.* Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide ?

*Odm.* The Gods are ever of the Conquering side :  
Sue's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed  
I to my Fathers Empire shall succeed.

*Alib.* How much I Crowns condemn I let thee see,  
Chusing the younger, and refusing thee.

*Guy.* Were she Ambitious, she'd disdain to own  
The Pageant Pomp of such a Servile Throne :  
A Throne which thou by Parricide do'st gain,  
And by a base submission must retain.

*Alib.* I Lov'd thee not before, but, *Odm.* know  
That now I hate thee and despise thee too.

*Odm.* With too much Violence you Crimes pursue,  
Which if I Acted 'twas for Love of you :  
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear :  
I brought not Sin so far, to stop it here.  
Death in a Lovers Mouth, would sound but ill :  
But know, I either must enjoy, or kill.

*Alib.* Bestow, base Man, thy idle Threats elsewhere,  
My Mothers Daughter knows not how to Fear.  
Since, *Guyomar*, I must not be thy Bride,  
Death shall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.

*Odm.* Then take thy wish, ———

*Guy.* Hold, *Odm.* hold : ———

My



My right in *Alibech* I will resign;  
Rather than see her Dye, I'll see her thine.

*Alib.* In vain thou would'st resign, for I will be,  
Ev'n when thou leav'st me, Constant still to thee:  
That shall not save my Life: wilt thou appear  
Fearful for her who for her self wants Fear?

*Odin.* Her love to him shows me a surer way:  
I by her Love, her Vertue must betray: [Aside.  
Since, *Alibech*, you are so true a Wife; [To her.  
'Tis in your power to save your Husbands Life:  
The gods, by me, your Love and Vertue try:  
For both will suffer if you let him Dye.

*Alib.* I never can believe you will proceed  
To such a Black and Execrable Deed.

*Odin.* I only threatn'd you; but could not prove  
So much a Fool to murder what I Love:  
But in his Death, I some advantage see:  
Worse than it is I'm sure it cannot be.  
If you consent, you with that gentle Breath  
Preserve his Life: if not, behold his Death.  
[Holds his Sword to his breast.

*Alib.* What shall I do!

*Guy.* ——— What are your thoughts at strife  
About a ransom to preserve my Life?  
Though to save yours I did my Interest give,  
Think not when you were his I meant to live.

*Alib.* O let him be preserv'd by any way:  
But name not the foul price which I must pay. [To *Odin*.

*Odin.* You would and would not, I'll no longer stay.  
[Offers again to Kill him.

*Alib.* I yield, I yield, but yet e're I am ill,  
An innocent desire I would fulfil:  
With *Guyomar* I one Chast Kiss would leave,  
The first and last he ever can receive.

*Odin.* Have what you ask: that Minute you agree  
To my desires, your Husband shall be free.

[They unbind her, she goes to her Husband.  
*Guy.*

*Guy.* No, *Alibech*, we never must embrace :  
Your guilty kindness why do you mis-place ?  
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice :  
I was made yours but by the publick Voice.  
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,  
That your ill Act is for my life's defence.

*He turns  
from her.*

*Alib.* Since there remains no other means to try,  
Think I am false ; I cannot see you dye.

*Guy.* To give for me both Life and Honour too  
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.  
You have done much to cure my Jealousie,  
But cannot perfect it unless both Die :  
For since both cannot live, who stays behind  
Must be thought fearful, or, whats worse, unkind.

*Alib.* I never could propose that Death you chuse ;  
But am like you, too jealous to refuse. *[Embracing him.]*  
Together dying, we together show

That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.

*Odm.* It then remains I act my own design :  
Have you your wills, but I will first have mine.  
Assist me Souldiers.-----

*[They go to bind her. she cries out. Enter Vasquez,  
two Spaniards.]*

*Vasq.* Hold, *Odm.*, hold, I come in happy time  
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.

*Odm.* You ill return the kindness I have shown.

*Vasq.* *Indian*, I say desist.

*Odm.* ----- *Spaniard*, be gone.

*Vasq.* This Lady I did for my self design :  
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine ?

*Odm.* You're much mistaken ; this is she whom I  
Did with my Father's loss, and Country's buy :  
She whom your promise did to me convey,  
When all things else were made your common prey.

*Vasq.* That promise made excepted one for me ;  
One whom I still reserv'd, and this is she.

*Odm.* This is not she, you cannot be so base.

*Vasq.*



*Vasq.* I love too deeply to mistake the Face:  
The Vanquish'd must receive the Victors Laws.

*Odm.* If I am Vanquish'd I my self am Cause.

*Vasq.* Then thank your self for what you undergo.

*Odm.* Thus Lawless Might does Justice overthrow.

*Vasq.* Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.

*Odm.* You owe your Triumphs to that Traytors shame.

But to your General I'll my right refer.

*Vasq.* He never will protect a Ravisher:  
His Generous Heart will soon decide our strife;  
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.  
It rests we two our claim in Combat try,  
And that with this fair prize, the Victor flye.

*Odm.* Make haste,

I cannot suffer to be long perplext:

Conquest is my first wish, and Death my next.

[*They Fight, the Spaniards and Indians Fight.*

*Alib.* The gods the Wicked by themselves o'rethrow:  
All Fight against us now and for us too! [*Unbinds her Husband.*

[*The two Spaniards and three Indians kill each other, Vasquez kills Odmar, Guyomar runs to his Brothers Sword.*

*Vasq.* Now you are mine; my greatest Foe is slain. [*To Alibech.*

*Guy.* A greater still to Vanquish does remain.

*Vasq.* Another yet!

The Wounds I make but sow new Enemies:  
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born-brethren rise.

*Guy.* Spaniard take breath: some respite I'll afford,  
My Cause is more advantage then your Sword.

*Vasq.* Thou art so brave-----could it with Honour be,  
I'd seek thy Friendship, more then Victory.

*Guy.* Friendship with him whose hand did Odmar kill!  
Base as he was, he was my Brother still:  
And since his Blood has wash'd away his guilt,  
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.

[*They Fight a little and breathe, Alibech takes up a Sword and comes on.*

*Alib.* My weakness may help something in the strife.

*Guy.*

*Guy.* Kill not my Honour to preserve my Life: [*Staying her.*  
Rather then by thy aid I'll Conquest gain,  
Without defence I poorly will be slain.

[*She goes back, they Fight again, Vasquez falls.*

*Guy.* Now, *Spaniard*, beg thy Life and thou shalt live.

*Vasq.* 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canst not give:

My breath goes out, and I am now no more;

Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dies.*

*Guy.* Come, *Alibech*, let us from hence remove:

This is a night of Horror, not of Love.

From every part I hear a dreadful noise:

The Vanquish'd Crying, and the Victor's Joys.

I'll to my Father's aid and Countries flye;

And succour both, or in their ruine dye.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. A Prison.

Montezuma, Indian High Priest bound, Pizarro, Spaniards with  
Swords drawn, a Christian Priest.

*Piz.* Thou hast not yet discover'd all thy store.

*Mont.* I neither can nor will discover more:

The gods will punish you, if they be just;

The gods will plague your Sacrilegious Lust.

*Chr. Priest.* Mark how this impious Heathen justifies

His own false gods, and our true God denies:

How wickedly he has refus'd his wealth,

And bid his Gold, from Christian hands, by stealth:

Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.

*Ind. High Pr.* Can Heaven be Author of such Cruelty?

*Piz.* Since neither threats nor kindness will prevail,

We must by other means your minds assail;

Fasten the Engines; stretch 'em at their length,

And pull the straightned Cords with all your strength.

[*They fasten them to the rack, and then pull them.*

*Mont.* The gods, who made me once a King, shall know.

I still am worthy to continue so:

I

Though



Though now the subject of your Tyranny,  
 I'll Plague you worse then you can punish me.  
 Know I have Gold, which you shall never find,  
 No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my Mind.

*Chr. Pr.* Pull harder yet ; he does not feel the rack.

*Mont.* Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

*Ind. High Pr.* When will you end your Barb'rous Cruelty ?  
 I beg not to escape, I beg to Dye.

*Mont.* Shame on thy Priest-hood that such pray'rs can bring :  
 Is it not brave to suffer with thy King ?

When Monarchs suffer, gods themselves bear part ;

Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art :

I charge thee dare not groan, nor shew one sign,

Thou at thy Torments doest the least repine.

*Ind. High Pr.* You took an Oath when you receiv'd your Crown,  
 The Heavens should pour their usual Blessings down ;  
 The Sun should shine, the Earth it's fruits produce,  
 And nought be wanting to your Subjects use :  
 Yet we with Famine were oppress'd, and now  
 Must to the yoke of Cruel Masters bow.

*Mont.* If those above, who made the World, could be  
 Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me ?

*Chr. Pr.* Those Pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now are light  
 Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,  
 Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,  
 Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.

*Mont.* Thou art deceiv'd : for whensoe're I Dye,  
 The Sun my Father bears my Soul on high :  
 He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,  
 He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air :  
 I in the Eastern parts, and rising Sky,  
 You in Heaven's downfal, and the West must lye.

*Chr. Pr.* Fond man, by Heathen Ignorance misled,  
 Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead :  
 Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal rest.

*Ind. High Pr.* Dye in your own : for our Belief is best.

*Mont.* In seeking happiness you both agree,  
 But in the search, the paths so different be,

That

That all Religions with each other Fight,  
 While only one can lead us in the Right.  
 But till that one hath some more certain mark,  
 Poor humane kind must wander in the dark;  
 And suffer pains, eternally below,  
 For that, which here, we cannot come to know.

*Chr. Pr.* That which we worship, and which you believe,  
 From Natures common hand we both receive:  
 All under various names, Adore and Love  
 One power Immense, which ever rules above.  
 Vice to abhor, and Virtue to pursue,  
 Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:  
 But here our Worship takes another way. —

*Mont.* Where both agree 'tis there most safe to stay:  
 For what's more vain then Publick Light to shun,  
 And set up Tapers while we see the Sun?

*Chr. Pr.* Though Nature teaches whom we should adore,  
 By Heavenly Beams we still discover more.

*Mont.* Or this must be enough, or to Mankind  
 One equal way to Bliss is not design'd.  
 For though some more, may know, and some know less,  
 Yet all must know enough for happiness.

*Chr. Pr.* If in this middle way you still pretend  
 To stay, your Journey never will have end.

*Mont.* Howe're, 'tis better in the midst to stay,  
 Then wander farther in uncertain way.

*Chr. Pr.* But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.

*Mont.* You do no more then I for ours do now,  
 To prove Religion true-----

If either Wit or Sufferings would suffice,  
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise:  
 And yet ev'n they, by Education sway'd,  
 In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

*Chr. Pr.* Since Age by erring Child-hood is misled,  
 Refer your self to our Un-erring Head.

*Mont.* Man and not erre! what reason can you give?

*Chr. Pr.* Renounce that carnal reason, and believe.



*Mont.* The Light of Nature should I thus betray,  
 'Twere to wink hard that I might see the day.

*Chr. Pr.* Condemn not yet the way you do not know;  
 I'll make your reason judge what way to go.

*Mont.* 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,  
 Who have but one short step of life to make.

*Piz.* Increase their Pains, the Cords are yet too slack.

*Chr. Pr.* I must by force, convert him on the Rack.

*Ind. High Pr.* I faint away, and find I can no more:  
 Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy store,  
 And free my self from pains I cannot bear.

*Mont.* Think'st thou I lye on Beds of Roses here,  
 Or in a wanton Bath stretch'd at my ease?  
 Dye, Slave, and with thee, dye such thoughts as these.

[High Priest turns aside and dyes.

*Enter Cortez attended by Spaniards, he speaks entring.*

*Cort.* On pain of death kill none but those who fight;  
 I much repent me of this bloody night:  
 Slaughter grows murder when it goes too far,  
 And makes a Massacre what was a War:  
 Sheath all your weapons and in silence move,  
 'Tis sacred here to Beauty and to Love.

Ha-----

[Sees Montezuma.

*Cort.* What dismal sight is this, which takes from me  
 All the delight that waits on Victory!

[Runs to take him off the Rack.

Make haste: how now, Religion do you frown?

Haste holy Avarice, and help him down.

Ah Father, Father, what do I endure [Embracing Montezuma.  
 To see these wounds my pity cannot cure!

*Mont.* Am I so low that you should pity bring,  
 And give an Infants Comfort to a King?  
 Ask these if I have once unmanly groan'd;  
 Or ought have done deserving to be moan'd.

*Cort.* Did I not charge thou should'st not stir from hence? [To  
 But Martial Law shall punish thy offence. Pizarro.  
 And you, [To the Chr. Priest.  
 Who

Who sawcily, teach Monarchs to obey,  
 And the wide World in narrow Cloysters sway;  
 Set up by Kings as humble aids of power,  
 You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,  
 You Enemies of Crowns.

*Chr. Pr.* ——— Come, let's away,  
 We but provoke his fury by our stay.

*Cort.* If this go free, farewell that discipline  
 Which did in Spanish Camps severely shine:  
 Accursed Gold, 'tis thou hast caus'd these crimes;  
 Thou turn'st our Steel against thy parent Climes!  
 And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,  
 Since with the price of blood thou here art bought.

[*Exeunt Priest and Pizarro.*]

[*Cortez kneels by Montezuma, and weeps.*]

*Cort.* Can you forget those Crimes they did commit?

*Mont.* I'll do what for my dignity is fit:  
 Rise, Sir, I'm satisfi'd the fault was theirs:  
 Trust me you make me weep to see your Tears:  
 Must I hear you?

*Cort.* Ah Heavens!

*Mont.* ——— You're much to blame;  
 Your grief is cruel, for it shews my shame,  
 Does my lost Crown to my remembrance bring:  
 But weep not you, and I'll be still a King.  
 You have forgot that I your Death design'd,  
 To satisfy the Proud *Almeria's* mind:  
 You, who preserv'd my Life, I doom'd to Dye.

*Cort.* Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

*Enter a Spaniard.*

*Span.* Prince *Guyomar*, the Combat still maintains,  
 Our Men retreat, and he their ground regains:  
 But once encourag'd by our Generals fight,  
 We boldly should renew the doubtful Fight.

*Cort.* Remove not hence, you shall not long attend: { *To Mon-*  
 I'll aid my Souldiers, yet preserve my Friend. { *tezuma.*

*Mont.* Excellent Man!

[*Exit Cortez, &c.*]

But



But I, by living, poorly take the way  
To injure Goodness; which I cannot pay.

*Enter Almeria.*

*Alm.* Ruine and Death run arm'd through every Street;  
And yet that Fate I seek I cannot meet:  
What guards Misfortunes are and misery!  
Death that strikes all, yet seems afraid of me.

*Mont.* *Almeria's* here: oh turn away your Face  
Must you be witness too of my disgrace?

*Alm.* I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew;  
But want that pity I deny'd to you:  
Your Conquerour, alas, has Vanquish'd me;  
But he refuses his own Victory:  
While all are Captives, in your Conquer'd State,  
I find a wretched freedom in his hate.

*Mont.* Could'st thou thy Love on one who scorn'd thee lose?  
He saw not with my Eyes who could refuse:  
Him who could prove so much unkind to thee,  
I ne'er will suffer to be kind to me.

*Alm.* I am content in Death to share your Fate;  
And dye for him I love with him I hate.

*Mont.* What shall I do in this perplexing streight!  
My tortur'd Limbs refuse to bear my weight:  
I cannot go to Death to set me free:  
Death must be kind, and come himself to me.

*Alm.* I've thought upon't: I have affairs below, [*Alm. musing.*  
Which I must needs dispatch before I go:

Sir, I have found a place, where you may be, [*To him.*  
(Though not preserv'd) yet like a King dye free:  
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,  
We may a while resist the *Spaniards* power;  
If *Guyomar* prevail;

*Mont.* ———— Make haste and call;  
She'll hear your Voice, and answer from the Wall.

*Alm.* My voice she knows and fears, but use your own,  
And to gain entrance, feign you are alone. [*Almeria steps behind.*

*Mont.* *Cydaria!*

*Alm.*

Alm. ——— Lowder.

Mont. ——— Daughter!

Alm. ——— Lowder yet.

Mont. Thou canst not, sure, thy Father's voice forget.

*[He knocks at the Door, at last Cydaria looks over the Balcony.]*

Cyd. Since my Love went, I have been frightened so,  
With dismal Groans, and Noises from below :  
I durst not send my Eyes abroad, for fear  
Of seeing dangers, which I yet but hear.

Mont. Cydaria!

Cyd. ——— Sure 'tis my Father calls.

Mont. ——— Dear Child make haste;

All hope of succour, but from thee is past :  
As when upon the sands the Traveller  
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,  
The Land grow short, he mends his weary pace,  
While Death behind him covers all the place :  
So I by swift mis-fortunes am pursu'd,  
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

Cyd. Are you alone?

Mont. ——— I am.

Cyd. ——— I'll straight descend ;

Heaven did you here for both our safeties send.

*[Cydaria descends and opens the Door, Almeria rushes betwixt with Montezuma.]*

Cyd. Almeria here ! then I am lost again. *[Both thrust.]*

Alm. Yield to my strength, you struggle but in vain :

Make haste and shut, our Enemies appear.

*[Cortez and Spaniards appear at the other end.]*

Cyd. Then do you enter and let me stay here.

*[As she speaks, Almeria over-powers her, thrusts her in, and shuts.]*

Cort. Sure I both heard her voice and saw her face,  
She's like a Vision vanish'd from the place.

Too



Too late I find my absence was too long;  
 My hopes grow sickly, and my fears grow strong.  
*[He knocks a little, then Montezuma, Cydaria,  
 Almeria appear above.]*

*Alm.* Look up, look up, and see if you can know  
 Those whom in vain you think to find below.

*Cyd.* Look up and see *Cydaria's* lost estate.

*Mont.* And cast one look on *Montezuma's* Fate.

*Cort.* Speak not such dismal words as wound my Ear:  
 Nor name Death to me when *Cydaria's* there.

Despair not, Sir, who knows but Conquering *Spain*:  
 May part of what you lost restore again?

*Mont.* No, *Spaniard*, know, he who to *Empire* born,  
 Lives to be less, deserves the Victors scorn:

Kings and their Crowns have but one Destiny:

Power is their life, when that expires they dye.

*Cyd.* What dreadful words are these!

*Mont.*-----Name Life no more:

'Tis now a Torture worse than all I bore:

I'll not be brib'd to suffer Life, but dye

In spite of your mistaken Clemency.

I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;

The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:

But I'm a King while this is in my Hand,-----

*[His Sword.]*

He wants no Subjects who can Death Command:

You should have ty'd him up, t'have Conquer'd me,

But he's still mine, and thus he sets me free.

*[Stabs himself.]*

*Cyd.* Oh my dear Father!

*Cort.*-----Haste, break open the door.

*Alm.* When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.

*[The Souldiers break open the first door, and go in.]*

We shall have time enough to take our way,

E're any can our Fatal Journey stay.

*Mont.* Already mine is past: O powers divine

Take my last thanks; no longer I repine:

I might have liv'd my own mishaps to mourn,

While some would pity me, but more would scorn!

For Pity only on fresh Objects stays:

But

But with the tedious sight of Woes decays.

Still less and less my boiling Spirits flow;

And I grow stiff as cooling Mettals do:

Farewel *Almeria*.-----

[Dyes.

*Cyd.*——He's gone, he's gone,

And leaves poor me defenceless here alone.

*Alm.* You shall not long be so: prepare to dye,

That you may bear your Father Company.

*Cyd.* Oh name not Death to me; you fright me so,

That with the Fear I shall prevent the blow:

I know your Mercy's more, then to destroy

A thing so young, so innocent, as I.

*Cort.* Whence can proceed thy cruel thirst of blood,

Ah Barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,

Too mild for thee: there's pity in that name,

But thou hast lost thy pity, with thy shame.

*Alm.* Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;

But on my Rival, I'll revenge my smart.

*Cort.* Oh stay your hand! and to redeem my fault,

I'll speak the kindest words-----

That Tongue e're utter'd, or that Heart e're thought.

Dear——Lovely——Sweet

*Alm.* This but offends me more;

You act your kindness on *Cydaria's* score.

*Cyd.* For his dear sake let me my Life receive.

*Alm.* Fool, for his sake alone you must not live:

Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,

And I'll make sure he ne're shall be for thee.

*Cyd.* But what's my Crime?

*Alm.*——'Tis Loving where I Love.

*Cyd.* Your own example does my act approve.

*Alm.* 'Tis such a Fault I never can forgive.

*Cyd.* How can I mend, unless you let me live?

I yet am Tender, Young, and full of Fear,

And dare not Dye, but fain would tarry here.

*Cort.* If blood you seek, I will my own resign:

O spare her Life, and in exchange, take mine.

*Alm.* The Love you shew but hastes her Death the more.



*Cort.* I'll run, and help to force the inner door. *[Going in haste.]*

*Alm.* Stay, *Spaniard*, stay, depart not from my Eyes;  
That moment that I lose your sight, she dyes.  
To look on you I'll grant a short Reprieve.

*Cort.* O make your gift more full, and let her live:  
I dare not go; and yet how dare I stay?  
Her I would save, I murder either way.

*Cyd.* Can you be so hard-hearted, to destroy  
My ripening hopes, that are so near to joy?  
I just approach to all I would possess:  
Death only stands 'twixt me and happiness.

*Alm.* Your Father, with his Life, has lost his Throne:  
Your Countries Freedom and Renown is gone.  
Honour requires your Death: you must obey.

*Cyd.* Do you dye first; and shew me then the way.

*Alm.* Should you not follow, my Revenge were lost.

*Cyd.* Then rise again, and fright me with your Ghosts.

*Alm.* I will not trust to that, since Death I chuse,  
He not leave you that Life which I refuse:  
If Death's a pain, it is not less to me;  
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.  
But hark! the noise increases from behind,  
They're near, and may prevent what I design'd:  
Take there a Rival's gift.-----

*Cort.* Perdition seize thee for so black a Deed. *[Stabs her.]*

*Alm.* Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:  
He thus Revenge thee with this Fatal blow;  
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow. *[Stabs her self.]*

*Cyd.* Stay Life, and keep me in the chearful Light;  
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night;  
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy part,  
And keeps me warm by lingring in my Heart:  
Yet dying for him, I thy claim remove;  
How dear it costs to Conquer in my Love!  
Now strike: that thought I hope, will arm my breast.

*Alm.* Ah with what differing passions am I prest

*Cyd.* Death, when far off, did terrible appear:  
But looks less dreadful as he comes more near.

*Alm.* O Rival, I have lost the power to kill;  
Strength has forsook my Arm, and Rage my Will:  
I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown:  
Dying for him is due to me alone.

Thy weakness shall not boast the Victory,  
Now thou shalt live, and dead I'll Conquer thee:  
Souldiers assist me down.

[*Exeunt from above led by Souldiers, and enter both led by Cortez.*]

*Cort.* Is there no danger then? [To *Cydaria*.]

*Cyd.* — You need not fear

My Wound, I cannot dye when you are near.

*Cort.* You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give: [To *Almeria*.]  
And I could dye for you, if you might live.

*Alm.* Enough, I dye content, now you are kind;  
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:  
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

[*Cydaria starts back.*]

You need not fear my rage a second time:  
I'll bathe your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:  
That Hand which made it makes this Recompence.

[*Ready to join their hands.*]

I would have join'd you, but my Heart's too high:

You will, too soon, possess him when I dye.

*Cort.* She faints, O softly set her down.

*Alm.* — 'Tis past!

In thy Lov'd Bosom let me breathe my last.

Here in this one short Moment that I Live,

I have what e're the longest Life could give. — [Dyes.]

*Cort.* Farewel, thou Generous Maid: ev'n Victory

Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee:

Many I dare not shed, lest you believe

[To *Cydaria*.]

I Joy in you less then for her I Grieve.

*Cyd.* But are you sure she's dead?

I must embrace you fast, before I know

Whether my Life be yet secure or no:



Some other hour I will to Tears allow;  
But having you, can I have no sorrow now?

*Enter Guyomar and Alibech bound, with Soldiers.*

*Cort.* Prince *Guyomar* in bonds! O Friendship's shame!  
It makes me blush to own a Victor's name.

*[Unbinds him, Cydaria, Alibech.]*

*Cyd.* See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there;  
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

*[Alibech kneels and kisses her Dead Sister.]*

*Cort.* Live, and enjoy more than your Conquerour: } *To Guy-*  
Take all my Love, and share in all my Power. } *omar.*

*Guy.* Think me not proudly rude; if I forsake  
Those Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:  
I for my Country Fought, and would again;  
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:  
But since the Gods decreed it otherwise,  
I never will on its dear Ruines rise.

*Alib.* Of all your Goodness leaves to our dispose,  
Our Liberty's the only gift we chuse;  
Absence alone can make our Sorrows less;  
And not to see what we can ne're redress.

*Guy.* Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,  
Where Rocks lye cover'd with Eternal Snow,  
Thin Herbage in the Plains, and Fruitless Fields,  
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:  
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy,  
No *Spaniards* will that Colony destroy.  
We to our selves will all our wishes grant;  
And nothing coveting, can nothing want.

*Cort.* First your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:  
That done, in Peace your Generous Exiles guide.  
While I loud thanks pay to the powers above,  
Thus doubly Blest, with Conquest, and with Love. *[Exeunt.]*

*FINIS.*

# EPILOGUE

BY A

Mercury.

**T**O all and singular in this full meeting,  
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus sends me greeting.  
To all his Sons by what e're Title known,  
Whether of Court, of Coffee-house, or Town;  
From his most mighty Sons, whose confidence  
Is plac'd in lofty sound, and humble sence,  
E'v'n to his little Infants of the Time  
Who Write new Songs, and trust in Tune and Rhyme.  
Be't known that Phœbus (being daily griev'd  
To see good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)  
Ordains your judgment upon every Cause,  
Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws.  
He first thinks fit no Sonnettier advance  
His censure, farther than the Song or Dance.  
Your Wit Burlesque may one step higher climb,  
And in his sphere may judge all Doggrel Rhyme :  
All proves, and moves, and Loves, and Honours too :  
All that appears high sence, and scarce is low.  
As for the Coffee-wits he says not much,  
Their proper bus'ness is to Damn the Dutch :

Flour



*For the great Dons of Wit----*

*Phœbus gives them full priviledge alone  
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.*

*Last, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,  
They should have power to save, but not so kill :  
For Love and He long since have thought it fit,  
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty raign by Wit.*

